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Selections.

MR. THOMPSON'S WELCOME TO BOSTON.

Phonographically reported for *The Liberator* by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., the distinguished British orator and philanthropist, having again visited America, after an absence of thirteen years, a number of the prominent citizens of Boston and its immediate neighborhood tendered him a Public Reception, in grateful acknowledgment of his disinterested, zealous and most efficient labors in counteracting the malignant influences of secession agents in England, and in bringing the minds of the people of that country to an appreciation of the real nature of the momentous struggle in which the North is now engaged. The invitation was accepted, and the evening of Tuesday, February 23, designated as the time of the meeting, and Music Hall as the place. Notice having been given in the public prints, with the announcement that His Excellency, the Governor, would preside on the occasion, a very general desire was felt by the public to take part in this demonstration of respect and honor; and the result was, that long before the hour announced for the opening of the meeting, the great hall was crowded to overflowing. Every inch of space was occupied, and hundreds turned away from the doors, unable to find even standing room. In point of numbers, intelligence, and high character, the audience which thus spontaneously assembled to pay their tribute of admiration and gratitude to Mr. Thompson has seldom been equalled in this city, and never, we are safe in saying, excelled. The first balcony and the platform (which had been reserved) were crowded with gentlemen and ladies distinguished in the community for eminent talents, ability and philanthropy. Among them were many officials of the State and general governments, and several prominent clergymen.

At twenty minutes before eight o'clock, the Governor with Mr. Thompson, and the Committee of Arrangements, appeared upon the platform, and were received with vociferous cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs, and every demonstration of welcome and delight. As His Excellency rose to make the opening address, the applause was renewed, with equal heartiness, and it was some time before his voice could be heard. At length quiet was restored, and he proceeded to speak as follows:

Speech of Gov. Andrew.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I esteem it an agreeable service, and in the direct line of my public duty, to attempt the Chairmanship of this great meeting of the patriotic and loyal People of Massachusetts to accord an honorable welcome to George Thompson (loud and prolonged applause).

The advocate of the extension of suffrage; the most eloquent popular champion of British emancipation; the associate of Cobden and Bright in the repeal of the corn laws, enlarging the market abroad for American grain, in the interest of cheap food for the million; in Parliament the defender of British India against the oppressions of the East India Company; the enemy of monopolies; the fearless and untiring advocate of public liberty; he was faithful in the darkest hour to the cause of justice for the American slave (applause). He has lived to see American slavery declare itself in arms against the law, against constitutional government, against democracy, and against mankind, and to strike its own death-wound by the violence of the assault. And when, with the cupidity of a miser and the ferocity of a pirate, it demanded its wicked will, wading through blood at home, and poisoning public opinion abroad, he remounted the rostrum, once more revisited the scenes of his earlier forensic triumphs, appealed to the heart and the intelligence of the British people themselves, and in the name of our treaties, of international amity, of republican government, of the American Union, of the freedom, the progress and the rights of all mankind, he demanded justice and fair play from Ministers and Parliament in behalf of the government and the people of the United States of America (great applause). It was a task well befitting a man of whom it is declared in England that, during a public career of four and thirty years, "he never set his hand to a bad cause, and never turned his back upon a good one" (enthusiastic applause).

I may not detain this audience, nor anticipate what I trust we may hear described by our friend himself, by assuming to portray the struggles and triumphs of those who embarked in the defence of liberal principles and the Union cause.

Our meeting to-night is a just recognition of the character and the services of Mr. Thompson, and of those illustrious Englishmen who, in Parliament and in private life, by voice and pen and social influence, have maintained the American name abroad, opposing the emissaries of secession, slavery, and armed rebellion against the Union government. While it speaks our welcome to this distinguished guest, let it speak also our gratitude as well to Bright and Cobden (cheers), Mill and Cairnes (renewed cheers), and to all the shining roll of brilliant names, all the thousands of less conspicuous names of men who have stood up on British ground to compel neutrality, to maintain peace, and to establish sound doctrine in the English mind. Let it waft across the seas a voice of grateful honor to that Sovereign Lady, whose reign, in spite of whatever evil influence, has been illustrated by the constant fidelity of the Throne to a stainless public morality, as well as to the principles of domestic virtue (loud applause). Let it declare our high appreciation of that great middle class in England, whose intelligence is accustomed to be guided by the wise and healing counsels of the great leaders of progressive and liberal opinion. Let it express the homage of our sympathy with the humbler poor of England; with those who, in narrow fortunes, often in penury, and not seldom in grinding want, enduring the cotton famine, have still held fast to their grand integrity, courageous as heroes, faithful as martyrs, bearing a testimony by their simple, manly and invincible *No*, to all menaces and all seductions of the enemy—worth more than argosies, more than victories on the field, because it is the prophecy of good, breathing out of the uncorrupted heart of Humanity itself.

For the sake of these innumerable friends of the American Union, supporters of that cause in which are involved the fortunes of mankind, we can forget and forgive the vagaries of some of those, who, by prescription, are reckoned among the great. We hail the coming day when England and America, America and England—both in peace—vieing with each other in offices of mutual good will, shall pursue in concord their grand careers of beneficence and glory, their peoples both happy, prosperous, free and honored of all the nations (loud applause).

Mr. Thompson, as the friend of popular rights in your own country, as the enlightened and eloquent advocate of liberal principles and equal rights, as the friend of our republican institutions and universal liberty, as a tireless, fearless and powerful defender before the British public of the rights, the honor of our nationality, and of our Union cause, and for all the good and noble service you have rendered them, with the hearty gratitude of sincere men to an honest friend, we give you a warm right hand, and bid you welcome (enthusiastic applause).

By the blessing of Heaven, supported by a consciousness of the right, consoled by the hope of our opening future, comforted by the opinion of mankind, returning now to its balance, where once was disturbed the equity of the scale, we mean by justice and our own right arms to restore the American Union, rebuilding the Temple of our Liberty on foundations as everlasting as the law of God, fitted to withstand the shocks and the decays of time (great applause).

Mr. Thompson, I propose now to present you and this audience each to the other (loud cheers). Speak—for their hearts wait for the eloquence of your lips! Speak—speak now—for to-day is fulfilled before our eyes the prophecy of the seer-poet of New England—

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

The appropriateness of these familiar lines was at once recognized by the vast audience, and as His Excellency delivered the first line, they emphasized it with the most enthusiastic cheering, which was renewed, and intensified, if possible, as the Governor concluded.

Mr. Thompson, on rising in response to the address of the Governor, was received with three times three hearty cheers, the great company standing as they cheered; the ladies expressing their welcome with radiant smiles and the waving of handkerchiefs, and thus heightening the joyful enthusiasm. These demonstrations of welcome having at last ceased, Mr. Thompson proceeded to address the audience as follows:

Speech of George Thompson, Esq.

[EXTRACTS.]

May it please your Excellency—Citizens of Boston—Ladies and Gentlemen:

* * * * * * * * * * *

Pardon me if I confess to some feeling of pride on finding myself to-day the guest of Massachusetts, and that in showing kindness to me, you recognize the sacredness of the cause which first brought me to your shores. To-day Massachusetts stands by the principles of 1776—those principles which it was "the head and front of my offending" to declare in 1834 (applause). Massachusetts is herself again; and in the cause of human rights, without respect of color, is sending her heroes to the field, her statesmen to the Senate, and her martyrs to their bloody graves. Massachusetts has to-day her Sumner and her Wilson in Washington (enthusiastic applause), her Garrison and her Phillips in Boston (renewed applause), and her John A. Andrew in the State House (continued applause), supported by the moral and political power, combined with the utmost material resources, of the Commonwealth. I learn from your official records that since treason commenced its foul and wicked work to overthrow the Union, with all its blessings, and establish slavery with all its guilt and horrors upon its ruins, seventy-five thousand six hundred of the sons of Massachusetts have gone forth to crush the execrable and black-hearted rebellion, and to restore the Union to more than its pristine majesty, strength and beauty. To-day I am the guest of this noble State—of Massachusetts, who, amongst the gallant corps she has enlisted and equipped for the war, has done honor to herself by enrolling two regiments composed of men, of that race whose wrongs are about to be redressed in the processes of that chastisement which the enemies of human freedom and their country have justly brought upon themselves (loud applause).

Your Excellency, and ladies and gentlemen, if time permitted, there are some things that I would like to say on behalf of the dear land that gave me birth. I would like to express, in justice to millions of my countrymen, their sense of the obligations under which they have been laid to America; to confess, in their name, some errors and mistakes, even faults, it may be, into which they have been betrayed during the last three years. I would like to deliver the messages with which I am charged to the people of America—messages of good will, of friendship, and of love. I would, if I might, tell you how deeply they would deplore, and how earnestly they are seeking to avert, any collison between the two kindred nations—whatever might prevent their harmonious action for the good of mankind at large (cheers). Believe me, sir, we are grateful to America. We are conscious that we owe America a mighty debt for benefits received at your hands. You have been the chief source of the greatness of our commercial transactions; to your shores we exported, for many years previous to the war, more than half the surplus manufactures we produced. We thank you for that. We thank you still more that you have afforded a home, employment, and competence to millions of our poor, who have come hither (applause); that you have thrown open your broad lands to them; and that you have recently made a munificent offer to mankind at large, that if they will come here and till the soil, a homestead shall be given them, free of cost (applause). We thank you, sir, and ladies and gentlemen, for the relief which once and again and again you have sent to the shores of our country, when particular portions of our people have been in a suffering, famishing condition. We cannot forget, we never shall forget what you did when Ireland was suffering under a visitation that deprived a majority of her people of the means of life. We shall never forget that when our country, through the mouths of many of her public men and through the columns of many of our more influential journals, was misrepresenting and aspersing you, you nevertheless freighted noble and majestic vessels with food, and sent them across the Atlantic, to keep alive those who were suffering in consequence of the stoppage of our supply of cotton. We thank you for sending us the "Griswold," for although that vessel sailed from New York, I am sure it was freighted with the blessings and good wishes of the people of all the loyal States in America; and I bring the thanks of the people of Great Britain for that seasonable and liberal donation (applause). We are not insensible, either, to the kindness and hospitality with which our countrymen of any distinction are ever treated on these shores. We have followed our public men and men of letters across the Atlantic, and have witnessed the cordiality with which in every instance they have been received. This appreciation of those whom we appreciate is most gratifying, and demands our grateful acknowledgments. To the people of America we owe our thanks for the respect and affectionate regard in which the gracious lady who fills the throne of England is held by the universal people of the Republic (loud cheers). I beg your Excellency, and you, ladies and gentlemen, to allow me—one of her Majesty's most attached subjects—to express my gratitude for the reference to Queen Victoria which was made in the opening address, and so warmly and enthusiastically received. In my own name, and in that of the British people, I would express the gratitude so deeply felt, for the loving reception you gave to the Heir Apparent on his visit to your shores—a reception everywhere the same, save in that part of the country blighted and corrupted by the pestilence of slavery (cheers).

While I would not withhold the acknowledgments that are due to America for the many and large benefits which England has derived from the connection, so neither would I hesitate to admit that, in some respects, we have done you wrong; but I would venture to ask that the errors we have committed be laid to the charge of those who are the guilty parties, and not be imputed to those of my countrymen who are blameless. Bear in mind that the great mass of the people of Great Britain are unrepresented; that six million of adult males—the source of our wealth, strength and greatness—are destitute of the franchise, and are without representation, either in the parliament or in the press. I speak of that portion of the press read in this country. To know the sentiments of the great body of our people, it is necessary that you should read their own organs, or that you should visit us, and know us as we are. The true British people are not the enemies of America, but admire, respect and love America (cheers). If you would see the proof, behold it in the steadfastness with which they have stood by the North through all its trials and vicissitudes, in spite of all efforts to alienate and pervert them (cheers). See the evidence of their fidelity in the heroic conduct of our Lancashire operatives, who, in the midst of their idleness and starvation—caused by the blockade of the Southern ports—said, "We are willing to suffer, we are willing to wait, if through our privations and pangs may be wrought out the restoration of the Union and the freedom of the slave" (loud cheers). Instead of desiring the downfall of this Republic, the true people of England desire nothing more fervently than the maintenance of your form of government, the preservation of your free institutions, and your fidelity, inviolate, to the great cardinal democratic principle upon which your independence was established (applause).

I need not tell you that one great source of satisfaction which the people of England have in contemplating what they believe to be your certain victory over your rebellious fellow-citizens at the South, is that the people of the North are now generally convinced, as many in England have long been, that you have been cherishing amongst you that which cannot coexist with the extension of those great principles upon which your independence was founded. In a word, the people of England now recognize, as among the objects sought by this war, the utter extermination of the institution of slavery (loud applause). Sir, when I first came to your country, it was as an humble missionary, to contribute, in however small a degree, towards the creation of a public sentiment that, in its progress, developement and triumph, should banish that institution from your land. Ever since then, I have read your history, and have studied with care the course your country has taken. I have always been persuaded that slavery was the great, the only cause of the serious disagreements between the various sections. I have seen how it marred even your Declaration itself; that the spirit of slavery in the Convention that adopted that Declaration, prevented the appearance in it of that earnest and solemn disapproval of the slave trade which was inserted by Thomas Jefferson in his original draft. I have seen with regret that slavery has entrenched itself even in your Constitution; and that when your Union was formed—a Union intended by those who formed it to be indissoluble—it contained within itself contrary and irreconcilable elements. I have also seen that a time must come when either slavery would banish freedom, or freedom would utterly annihilate slavery (applause). I have seen, from year to year, the evil entailed by slavery upon your country; how it debauched your politics: how it poisoned your literature; how it corrupted your commerce; how at last it threatened to become universal and everlasting;—and now, when, by a suicidal act on the part of the South, they have made this institution your enemy, a public enemy, the enemy of the life of your country, with all the interests that you prize most, I see that this mighty people is gathering up its strength, is feeling like Samson of old for the pillars of this blood-stained temple of oppression, and I believe they will presently bring it tumbling and crashing to the earth (loud applause). In this great work, be assured, we in England wish you God-speed; but we ask, we implore you, for your own sake, and for the sake of the world, to make thorough work (enthusiastic applause). Leave not a fibre in the soil! Follow the advice of a distinguished New York Democrat, and "drive the ploughshare deep, and drive it through" (applause).

We trust, too, that in the midst of this struggle you will not forget, nor fail to uphold, the great distinguishing principle of your nation—the grand, the distinguishing principle of Democracy (applause). There have been many prognostications and many prophecies (the wish being father to the thought) respecting the issue of this great struggle. I have myself no fear of the result; but if there were any possibility that you might be induced, during this conflict, to depart from that great and vital principle on which your government has hitherto been based, I should deeply deplore the possibility, and would urge you, with all the emphasis I could employ, to stand true to that principle. I believe you will, and I also believe that not only will your Union be restored, but that you will hereafter form a Union and a government far stronger and more glorious, and far more permanent than any that could have existed so long as slavery remained a tolerated evil among you (applause).

While I remain in this country I shall watch with the deepest interest the progress of events. If, with the strength that I am able to command, and the humble ability which has been given to me, I can in any way promote the great objects in which you are engaged, I shall cheerfully put my best energies at your disposal (loud applause); and shall feel amply rewarded by the consciousness that I have done anything here to serve the cause of the American Union and the emancipation of the American slave (renewed applause).

I feel, sir, that my strength will not allow me to address this magnificent assembly at any further length. I will therefore merely relate an incident that occurred some nineteen years ago, and then sit down. In 1846, our country was visited by a band of New England minstrels—"a nest of brothers with a sister in it" (laughter), as one of your poets said. At that time, a dark cloud was upon the western horizon. There was a controversy between the nations respecting the Oregon boundary; and when this band of minstrels were about to commence their performances in London, in her Majesty's Concert Room in Hanover square, they asked me to write them a couple of verses which should breathe a spirit of friendship and kindness between the two peoples, that they might sing them at their concert. All unaccustomed as I was to the work of writing verses, I cheerfully undertook the task; and with the words which I wrote for them, and which they sang through England—and which I believe they brought to America, and sang here also—I will conclude my address. One of these verses was to be sung to the tune of "God save the Queen," and the other to one of your own national airs, which you will presently recognize. With the alteration of a single word, I would apply them to the circumstances of the present time, and would devoutly pray that they may soon be fulfilled. The lines were these:

Oh, may the human race
Heaven's message soon embrace—
Good will to man!
Hushed be the battle's sound,
And o'er the earth around
May love and peace abound
Through ev'ry land!

Oh then shall come the glorious day
When swords and spears shall perish,
And brothers John and Jonathan
The kindest thoughts shall cherish;
When Slavery no more shall fill
With angry darts our quiver,
But Englishmen with Yankees dwell
On the great Columbia river!

Then let us haste these bonds to knit,
And in the work be handy,
That we may blend GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
With YANKEE DOODLE DANDY!

Mr. Thompson took his seat amid the most vociferous cheering, which continued for some considerable time.

[We regret that, for lack of space, we cannot copy *all* the speeches that followed. Those whose eloquence made the occasion memorable were, N. B. Bryant, Esq., of New Hampshire, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Prof. Wm. B. Rogers, and Hon. Thomas Russell.]

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with profound gratitude that I accept your permission to take even the slightest part in this movement of the State to do justice to our distinguished guest and to ourselves. You can well appreciate—those of you, at least, who know me—how perfectly inexpressible in words must be the gratitude of such an hour as this—to see that friend, whose hand we, a hated minority, clasped so often in the dark hours gone by, welcomed officially to the dear old Commonwealth; and, still more, that the hand of that official welcome should be one of those who welcomed him years ago! (loud applause)—that Massachusetts is not only ready to say, "Welcome and God-speed to George Thompson," but utters it also by the voice of one who shared alike his unpopularity and his labors for many a weary year (renewed applause). Thank God for living to see such an hour in this city of Boston! We could tell our guest how chilling was the first news from across the Atlantic; how like a death-damp it fell on hearts that had loved and trusted the mother country. But we recognized, as he has told us, as indeed so slight an insight as D'Israeli's discovered, that there were two nations in England; as there are, or have been here; as much two nations in the "fast-anchored isle" as in these thirty States, both contending, there as here, for the mastery. We knew our mother land too well to expect the instinctive common sense of Englishmen, in the cold heights of the privileged orders, would not know each thrill of Northern success to be a volcano under their own feet. But we knew that the Bible and Shakspeare, and Hampden and Chatham, and Hancock and Warren and Washington, had made us, the Saxon masses, one people, incapable of division (applause). We did proudly hope that that elder brother nation in England, when the first gun sounded from Sumter, by instinct would have felt that our cause was theirs. And was it not written in the books of their own history, that the Roundhead, from whose root we, a slip, were taken, in Cromwell's day, though foiled for a moment, is never beaten? Could they not trust their own blood? It was indeed a sad hour. But the greater our gratitude! We knew that the last nation for an Englishman to understand is ours—near of kin, like brothers under the same roof. The last men we know are our brothers. We stand too near to measure their proportions. The atmosphere, alike of jealousy or love, distorts the great outlines. The hardest nation for an Englishman to know is America. Among the few who knew us there was one whose experience, in two visits, had made him profoundly acquainted with the nature of our institutions, and the great undercurrent of the mind of the people; one man fortunate above all other Englishmen, for he had lived among us in that best of all positions to know a country—outside of its parties, surrounded by a struggling minority. He had looked, from that experience, into the mechanism of American institutions, as the rare philosophic acumen of Tocqueville had enabled him to do; but, of all Englishmen, this man had the greatest wrongs to remember. There was one whose lips might have been pardoned, even by Americans, if, recalling the details of his double visit, he had said to his countrymen, "I have reason to think that the North will never rise to the level of inaugurating justice, and founding a Union upon Liberty." But instead of that, with magnanimous faith, he trod his own experience under his feet, and flung down the gauntlet to all Englishmen; and I do no injustice to others if I say, his lance was the first to touch every shield in the list, and defy all comers in the name of a North, victorious and just [prolonged and enthusiastic cheers]. That gratitude we owe to the guest of this evening [applause]. He tells us that, if there were time, speaking for the millions of Great Britain, he should have some sins to confess. Close that record, my friend! We have some also [applause]; and if you can agree that bygones shall be bygones, we accept gladly the decision [applause].

Yes, we know almost as well as he has told us, the malicious power and energetic mendacity of *The Times*. We never feared it; because this very idea which brings you here to-night, which has made the Union redden a path from Boston to New Orleans with the best blood of the nation, has fought its way to the national arena, spite of every great name and every great journal in the land. When, therefore, the quarterlies and mammoth journals of London hasted, with glad malice, to record their false verdict, we remembered that long, victorious struggle of a quarter of a century against statesmen and journalists, and wrote "Ichabod" on *The Times* itself [loud applause].

But this meeting, vast and unanimous and authoritative as it is, is not our method of converting the London *Times*. The two great branches of the Saxon race clasp hands together to-night. Yes—but the two great branches of the Saxon race, with an obstinate instinct, respect nothing but success; neither we, nor our brothers on the other side the Atlantic. Our friend, born in Liverpool, bears a Scotch name. We have a Scotch name, too, at the head of a hundred thousand men. He will convert the London *Times*, and compel it to confess its sins, and grant absolution, in the name of GRANT, dating from Richmond [loud applause]. And when this is done, all England will find something to say on our side.

But, Mr. Chairman, we recognize that their struggle is exactly like ours—not ended. Though it began in 1630 in the battle-field, by the ill-favor of aristocratic institutions, to-day, two centuries later, John Bright is struggling to do in England what our armies are fighting to do here [applause]. Bright knows that there is no path to the supremacy of the English people but by setting free the land, and destroying the primogeniture of England, and planting our democracy in the rights and property of the masses. That effort culminates now, after the English mind has groped its way to it in two hundred years; here it culminates to-day [applause]. Massachusetts is Democratic, and leads this controversy—the dominant community of the continent. Why? Because Massachusetts, cut up into giblets, holds a man on every acre, with his right hand full of brains; and Boston harbor crowded with Jeff. Davises could not make her anything but a Democracy. Now, what Bright does in England, Grant, at the head of cannon, does here to-day—both eloquent utterances. Grant battles down the landed aristocracy of that section of the Union in order to duplicate Massachusetts—to plant on every acre of American soil a man with a school-house behind him, and a ballot in his right hand [loud applause].

We have a long struggle before us—a hated race to be vindicated. The thunderbolt of the war power makes us as omnipotent in Charleston as in Washington, and to-day we have the power to plant Democracy in the Palmetto State so deep that a thousand years shall only develop it. The Norman, a thousand years ago, anchored his conquest by dividing the land among his soldiers. Massachusetts, the North, goes forth to divide among her nobles—the white men and the black men that bear up her banner—the land of which the stars and stripes take possession [great applause]. To-day she has the right—*parcere dejectis et debellare superbos*—to protect the weak, to tread down tyrants. To-day, she has Robert Small as close to her banner as Gov. Aiken; and for one, before I let the line of South Carolina sovereignty be drawn betwixt me and them, I mean to have Small and Aiken side by side, each on an acre, a school-house behind him, a ballot in his right hand, and God save the bravest! [Great applause.] Bright is engaged in the same struggle, under other names. With other silken banners, he fights the same dread battle. But, my brother, the Union which is to grow out of this epoch, indissoluble as you painted it, is not to be a Union of thirty-four States, only—the South and the North—which God is to bind with the indissoluble tie of mutual love and respect. No; when this epoch ends, we call home our cannon and furl our banners, the Union is to be one of all the millions that speak the English of Shakspeare, and revere the name of Hampden, and pray in the language of the common version of the Bible. The Union is to be of all who love the English tongue—that wherever over the earth it is spoken, there shall neither be tyrant nor slave [long continued applause].

Mr. GARRISON was now loudly called for, from all parts of the house, and was greeted with three cheers as he came forward.

Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

May it please your Excellency, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I was not down in the programme for this evening. Indeed, I expressly stipulated that I should be left out, in order to give place to others. It is impossible for me to find any words which would adequately express the feelings of my heart on this occasion, in view of the handsome, generous and just reception which you have given to our distinguished friend, George Thompson, of England [loud applause]. I have known him intimately for more than thirty years; known him only to love and admire him; known him as one thoroughly disinterested in the cause of humanity and freedom—one who never yet conferred with flesh and blood in the performance of his duty—who has given his life to promote the welfare of our common humanity—whose heart is as large as the whole world—and who knows nothing of nationality, or race, or caste, in competition with the principles of justice and eternal right [applause].

This evening, sir, Boston places herself right on the record of history [applause]. This evening, Massachusetts stands redeemed from the errors of the past [renewed applause]. I will not, for a moment, accept the assertion, as uttered in a "respectable daily"—while endeavoring to bestow a compliment upon Mr. Thompson—that the masses of the people entertain the same views, in regard to Mr. Thompson's earlier visits to this country, as they did at the time of those visits. I do not believe it [applause, and cries of "No!"]. There has been no change or variableness on his part; he is the same man that he was when he first landed in Boston, in the year 1834 [applause]; and if he is the friend of our country now (and who that has one drop of loyal blood running in his veins doubts it?), then I say that, thirty years ago, he was as warm, and true, and disinterested a friend of our country as he is to-night [applause]. The truth is that, at that time, there was great darkness upon the minds of the people in regard to slavery. They had become insensibly corrupted by its influence; their vision was obscured; in some cases, their hearts were made hard as adamant. Thank God, sir, for the wonderful change that has taken place! Shall I not call it a regeneration? Shall I not say, that whereas the people of Massachusetts were blind thirty years ago, now they see? [Applause.] They see that slavery is a thing to be abhorred and detested as "the sum of all villanies" [applause], and that out of it has grown this terrible rebellion; so that whoever is now in favor of prolonging its existence, and restoring its power, deserves to be put into the category of the Southern traitors [renewed applause]. For are not "loyalty" and "liberty" synonymous and identical terms, in the present fearful struggle?

Mr. Thompson has been our firm and fast friend from the beginning: but I looked upon him with even more admiration, thirty years ago, when hunted for his life, than I can at this time, under these pleasing circumstances; for it is in fiery trials that the soul best shows its true temper. I am unspeakably glad there has been this marvellous change in the right direction, and that pro-slavery malignity has lost its power. But when I invited George Thompson to America, thirty years ago, what had I to offer him? He had just completed his labors in the glorious cause of West India Emancipation; his reputation as a popular orator had spread through the kingdom; there were splendid prospects opening before him in various directions. It was in these circumstances I invited him, on my own responsibility, to turn his back upon fame and popularity, and come to America to be jeered at, and sneered at, and calumniated, for humanely attempting to deliver our land from its deadliest curse and its greatest crime. He came in the spirit of a noble self-sacrifice, as a friend, and not as an intermeddler. Forthwith he was maliciously charged with being a British emissary, with "his pockets lined with British gold, for the purpose of destroying our glorious Union." British gold! He came with empty pockets and clean hands! [Loud applause.] And he came for the sole purpose of saving our country, and to enable us to have free institutions from sea to sea, and to prevent the present terrible and bloody rebellion in the land by the speedy abolition of slavery. O that his solemn warnings, his faithful rebukes, and his thrilling appeals had then been heeded by our guilty nation! We should not now be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, mourning for our dead, and smarting under the rod of Divine retribution.

Sir, it has been the custom of those who have occupied the Executive chair in this State, to close their Fast day and Thanksgiving proclamations with the exclamation—"God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" Now, sir, in view of the altered state of things among us, in view of this glorious meeting, justly and fairly representing the people of Massachusetts, and in view of the fact that your Excellency is here to preside on this occasion, I have to say that, at last, I believe Massachusetts *is* saved—saved from her old pro-slavery subserviency and degradation—saved from her blind, selfish, calculating slaveholding complicity with the South—saved to honor, justice, humanity, and impartial freedom [loud applause].

In conclusion, I will say to those who, as Democrats, under the guise and mask of a loyal regard for the Constitution and the Union, are yet endeavoring to get control of the government, in order to give success to the rebellion—

"Mouth not to me your Union rant,
Nor gloze my ears with loyal cant;
Who treads the weeds of slavery flat,
He is my loyal Democrat;
Who sows good seed in Freedom's span,
He only is my Union man." (Applause.)

A gentleman on the platform called for "three cheers for Gov. Andrew," which were given with great heartiness and unanimity.

Closing Remarks of the Governor.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I think one duty remains unperformed; and it is a duty in which we can all unite, each one speaking for himself with his own voice. And yet perhaps you will first indulge me in a single word of remark, somewhat in the nature of a reminiscence—recurring not only to a memory in the past, but to the experience of a life-time, now ripened into a glorious fulfilment and fruition. I remember now thirty years gone by, when a boy at college in a neighboring State, I listened for the first time to the lofty, stirring and commanding eloquence of George Thompson, when he was mounted upon the glorious war-horse of his earliest day. I remember a single sentence which fell from his lips, and has adhered to my memory, and will last there while memory itself endures. Speaking of himself and of those associated with him in the work both of British and American emancipation, he declared—"I do not like to stand in the perpetual attitude of apology. I cannot bear to say, 'Why, friends, we are not pickpockets, we are not villains, we are not assassins; we make an open, fair expression of our opinions, and let the world take it as they may' [applause]. And sirs, I hesitate not to say, that in Christian America, the land of Sabbath schools, of religious privileges, of temperance societies and revivals, there exists the worst institution in the world. There is not an institution which the sun in the heavens shines upon, so fraught with woe to man as American slavery." These were the words of George Thompson thirty years ago [applause]. I remembered that I was an American; that all my destiny, humble though it might be, and the destiny of all my own posterity, was bound up in the destiny of that America; that I and they, and all of us, were linked indissolubly, by eternal bonds, to that "worst institution in the world," so long as it should exist; and I dreamed by night, and mused in leisure hours, and read and thought by day, and wondered if the "worst institution in the world" would forever last, and if it would cleave like the dead carcase to the living body, to the name, and fame, and fortunes, and future of my country. But now, thank God, I have lived to see the day when the sun in the heavens shines no longer on American slavery [great applause]; and the generation of men with whom Mr. Thompson began his public career have lived to see that the "worst institution in the world," powerful as it was, bedded deep in the interests and prejudices of millions of men, has gone down before the invincible blows of the aroused power of the strongest and best government mankind has ever seen [tremendous applause].

I think we have all some confessions to make and something to forget. American slavery, for the destruction of which some of the friends of liberty have aimed their keenest lances and delivered their strongest blows against the Union of the American States, has tried its infernal power against that Union, and slavery has gone down forever in the conflict [loud applause]. And now, my friends, it is one of the gratifications of the hour, one of the blessings which no tongue can utter, and no heart can adequately feel, that it is given to us, if we will continue our fidelity to the work of the present, to save our country, to save her cause, to save her Union, and to immortalize forever her starry flag, while still destroying the "worst institution in the world" [applause].

Now, my friends, to perform the grateful duty which becomes us at this time. We are an audience of Americans, receiving a representative Englishman. I call upon you all, friends, fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, to unite with me in giving three hearty cheers for Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

The audience responded warmly to this call, and then the Governor called for three cheers for the President of the United States, which were given with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The meeting then, at quarter past ten o'clock, adjourned.

FREE LABOR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

LETTER FROM MR. EDWARD S. PHILBRICK.

BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1864.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

AMONG the arrivals at the port of New York this week is that of the schooner White Sea, from Port Royal, S. C., loaded with Sea Island cotton, the product of negro labor paid by Massachusetts capital. Thinking that the economical employment of negroes as an agricultural peasantry is a subject of some importance to the public at this time, I have prepared the following statement of facts, which I hope may find a place in your columns.

The writer went to Port Royal in March, 1862, and for the following year devoted his time to the organization of negro labor upon the abandoned plantations of the Sea Islands, at first under E. L. Pierce, special agent of the Treasury Department, and afterwards under Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, Military Governor.

At the tax sales in March, 1863, the writer purchased at auction eleven plantations, which he has cultivated with paid negro labor in connection with two more which were leased from another purchaser, all on behalf of a joint stock company in Boston formed for the purpose. Six gentlemen of New England birth, previously employed by Gen. Saxton as superintendents of plantations, were placed in charge of these estates without salary, but with an interest in the crops. The "job" system which had been adopted for all the government plantations by Gen. Saxton was adhered to, with such increase of rates of pay as appeared necessary under the enhanced prices of all articles which the negroes were obliged to purchase.

This system allotted to each family a certain patch of land, about one and one-half acres to the adults, and to children in proportion to their age, for their provision crops, holding the negroes responsible for their own food entirely. To each family was also assigned a definite portion of land for the cultivation of cotton, in such quantity as they chose to take, and the separate families so assuming the care of these patches were made, as far as possible, responsible for the crops grown upon them.

In order to enable the negro to provide for his current wants during the growth of his crop, and to keep up his courage, partial payments were made each month for planting and hoeing the crop *per acre*, at a small rate, reserving the principal payment for the end, when the crop was paid for *per pound* as gathered.

Other kinds of work, such as carting, plowing, collecting manure, ginning, cleaning and packing the cotton, were all paid for by the piece, each family preparing for the market, separately, the cotton they had raised.

The amount of wages earned per day varied, of course, with the industry and capacity of the individual. It has averaged about fifty-five cents per day for the time spent in the cotton-field or in preparing manures, ginning, etc., in addition to which wages, for a portion of his time, the negro has had free house-rent and rent of land for raising his provision crops, on which the remainder of his time was spent at his own discretion. Many have done, habitually, double the amount of work they were formerly required to do by their masters in a day, and, as they say, with no more fatigue.

The whole number of laborers employed on the thirteen estates was about four hundred, rating two children as one hand. Most of this number were women, children and old men, for the young men were all called into the United States service.

With this help there were planted eight hundred and fourteen acres of cotton, from which a crop of seventy-two thousand pounds of cotton was obtained, being two hundred bales of three hundred and sixty pounds each, or about two-thirds the former average crop per acre. With the usual amount of manure a much better result could have been obtained; but as the lands were hurriedly planted, within a few weeks after taking possession, no opportunity was afforded for manuring to any extent.

The whole amount paid out in wages, including the collection of manures for the next crop, the harvesting of the crops for feeding the animals, and the preparation of the cotton for market, has been about twenty thousand dollars. Estimating the other expenses, viz., the depreciation of outfit and the interest account, to be seven thousand dollars more, which will be near the truth, the cost of the cotton per pound will be about thirty-seven cents.

The cost of producing this long-staple cotton under the slave system was at least six times the cost of producing upland cotton, owing to the small yield and the careful nursing required by this delicate variety. The cost is thus spoken of in *De Bow's Review*, vol. 16, p. 598: "The cost of producing a bag of ordinary Sea Island cotton is about $75. That of the finest is twice as much." Now the bag contained 340 pounds, making the price per pound from 21 to 42 cents, or an average of 31½ cts. This was written in 1854, when the market price of slaves, the principal item in the cost of growing cotton, was at least twenty-five per cent. lower than in 1860. So the cost of growing the average long staple at the beginning of the rebellion was about 40 cents per pound. It is well known that for several years previous to the war this staple sold at from 40 to 60 cents. The cost of its production, as stated above, may appear to be much greater than has generally been supposed, for it has not been usual for Southern men to consider the interest of the capital vested in reckoning their expenses; but as among commercial men in all other parts of the world the interest on fixed capital is considered as part of the current expenses of an enterprise, it does not appear inconsistent with custom and a fair statement of the subject, and it has accordingly entered into the above estimates.

It must be remembered that this free labor experiment has been surrounded by all the annoyances of a military occupation, that we were deprived of the services of the able-bodied men, were almost entirely without manure and live stock, and quite destitute of experienced superintendence; and though during the first year of an experimental organization, and though paying for our labor in a depreciated currency, we have still produced two hundred bales of cotton at a cost at least as low as it was done by the system of compulsory labor, when the cost was reckoned in hard money, and when the planter enjoyed all the advantages of experienced superintendence, a thorough and well-studied organization, nearly perfect in its way, with all the outfit of live stock and manure which he saw fit to provide, and all the able-bodied men to help him.

Moreover, these two hundred bales of cotton have been produced by the application of a cash capital of only forty thousand dollars, including the cost of the land and all expenses for a year, while under the old system the market value of the negroes alone, which were required to produce the same amount of long staple cotton, was not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or more than six times the amount of capital required under the free labor system!

Upon the eleven plantations purchased and cultivated as above, five free schools have been supported at the expense of the proprietors, giving instruction to over three hundred pupils.

The chief difficulty in inducing freed negroes to work well is in securing their confidence, for their past experience has bred distrust in the white man; but this difficulty may soon be overcome by prompt payments and a recognition of their just claims.

The lack of organization and of division of labor, which is unavoidable under the system of individual responsibility here adopted, is, in the end, fully compensated for by the rapid development of ambition and self-reliance in the laborer.

The natural tendency of the freed negro is to rest satisfied with supplying his simple wants, which he can do in the Southern States with a very small amount of labor. This fault is easily corrected by bringing within his reach, by purchase, at low rates, articles which minister to new and civilized wants, stimulating industry for the sake of gratifying his newly-acquired tastes. The freed negro spends his money freely, but not without some discretion, takes pride in providing for his own wants, and in imitating the style of his superiors.

Believing it to be a necessary part of the new system that the freedmen should have ready means of spending his first earnings in the purchase of really useful and civilizing articles, five stores have been established upon these plantations, where there has been sold, at cost, during the past year, nearly $20,000 worth of plain cloth, domestic utensils, and a variety of food, soap, candles, hardware, tools, etc., etc.

It has not seemed advisable to place any sort of restrictions upon the negroes in regard to what sort of labor or what amount of labor each one should perform. Any attempt in such a direction would serve to check the healthy development of industry by begetting suspicion and repugnance towards the employer.

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the enormous profits of raising cotton at present, if, as shown above, it can be raised at about the same cost as before the war. Sea Island cotton has been sold lately at about one dollar and a half per pound, which, according to the above statement, is about four times the cost of its production; but upland cotton can be produced at one-sixth the cost per pound—say eight cents, or about one-tenth of its present market value. If, then, the culture of Sea Island cotton can be made profitable as it has proved in this experiment, how much more so must the culture of upland cotton prove at present prices!

The area for planting Sea Island cotton was always very limited, and just now, scarce any room is left within our military lines for the expansion of this industry at Port Royal; but the prospects are that there will soon be thrown into the hands of loyal men an immense area of the best cotton lands in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and if proper steps are taken by the government to encourage industry and protect property, there will be a prodigious migration of small farmers and capitalists in that direction, which will develop the resources of that fertile region as they have never yet been developed under the exhaustive and wasteful system of compulsory labor.

The question has already arisen and has been acted on to a limited extent at Port Royal, whether the lands should be permanently allotted to the negroes, with a view to protect this ignorant and degraded people from imposition and oppressive treatment from their employers. With this view, a considerable amount of land, embracing all actually in the possession of the United States government at Port Royal, was actually offered in twenty-acre lots at the low price of $1 25 per acre with the privilege of preemption. The tax commissioners entrusted with the execution of this plan, interpreted their instructions to require them to give preference to negroes, wherever a white man's claim covered the same ground. Although a more recent order from Washington has suspended the execution of this plan, it is doubted by many whether the faith of the government render it unjust or at least difficult to dispossess the negroes who had staked out claims on almost every acre of public land worth claiming. Even if they should be dispossessed and these lands sold at auction, as advertised, there are still several thousand acres offered to the negroes at the nominal price of $1 25 per acre at private sale, to the exclusion of whites,

by the previous instructions to the tax commissioners.

Whether this course of granting special privileges to negroes, to the exclusion of whites, is best for the future of the community, remains to be proved. If the freed negro is ever to become civilized in any degree, or elevated above his present ignorant and degraded condition, it must be through his own industry, led on by the example and encouraged by the capital and superior energy and enterprise of the whites. It can hardly be doubted that the industry of our own race is the most efficient agent of its advance in civilization during the past thousand years; and even the Anglo-Saxon race was never made an industrious race, except through the stern hand of necessity. We are supposed to owe much of our industry and energy to the fact that our race has been reared in an inhospitable clime, where the fruits of the earth are not to be got without stern and unremitting exertion. The negro race can certainly never be expected to become industrious, and through industry, to become civilized, unless it be urged on by similar causes. If, then, the productive lands of the South—already cleared and improved—with ready means of carrying to market, as well as producing, a staple of such world-wide importance as cotton—are thrown into the hands of the negro, in his present condition, to the exclusion of whites, as is now being done at Port Royal, at private sale by the tax commissioners at the nominal rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, when the same lands would readily bring ten, and perhaps twenty times this sum at auction after a peace, the effect will be to enable the negro to get more money than he will know how to spend by working one-fourth, or at most one-half of his time. Such a course would be very much like giving the negroes from the public treasury a fine assortment of clothing at one-tenth its market value, and it would not fail to have a similar demoralizing effect upon these ignorant people. It certainly could not be expected that such a state of things would tend to the development of the negro's industry or the latent resources of the country. It would tend rather to the demoralization of the favored few who would get these lands, and to the exasperation of the others who would not have this privilege granted them, for the land so offered will satisfy but a few negroes, while every other man has an equal claim to such favors, and would, therefore, feel injured and outraged at their impartial distribution.

In order to prove beyond dispute that the lands in question are worth in the market many times one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, even during the war, and before the settlement of the contested rights of preëmption, under the instructions of the President of December 30th, 1863, the following report of sales under the tax commissioner's auction, on February 18th and 19th, may be appropriate:

"Seaside Place," St. Helena, 280 acres sold for......$7,300
"Palmetto Island," 280 acres sold for................4,725
"Bluff Farm," 280 acres sold for.....................3,025
"Littlewood Point," 130 acres sold for...............2,525

Being at prices ranging from twelve to twenty-six dollars per acre. The above places had buildings upon them, but other lots without buildings sold at from six to seven dollars per acre—some of which were "pine barren,"—the United States reserving the timber. If such prices are given now with an uncertain title, and surrounded by rebels in arms, may we not expect higher ones after a peace?

If, therefore, the lands of the Southern States are to be thrown upon the market to any extent, it would appear highly desirable to all concerned, now and hereafter, that the land be sold to no man—black, white or yellow—except at its full market value at public sale. In order to enable the negro to have a home for refuge he should not be deprived of an opportunity to buy; and, in order to bring in the elements of enterprise, intelligence and capital, the white man should not be excluded, either.

Let us hope that questions of such vital importance to the future welfare of our country will be carefully weighed by our rulers, before committing themselves to any definite policy on a large scale.

EDWARD S. PHILBRICK.

GRAND OVATION TO A BLACK REGIMENT IN NEW YORK.

Flag Presentation at the Union League Rooms.

Presentation Speech by Charles King, LL.D.

From The New York Times.

THERE has been no more striking manifestation of the marvelous times that are upon us than the scene in our streets at the departure of the first of our colored regiments. Had any man predicted it last year he would have been thought a fool, even by the wisest and most discerning. History abounds with strange contrasts. It always has been an ever-shifting melo-drama. But never, in this land at least, has it presented a transition so extreme and yet so speedy as what our eyes have just beheld.

Eight months ago the African race in this city were literally hunted down like wild beasts. They fled for their lives. When caught, they were shot down in cold blood, or stoned to death, or hung to the trees or the lamp-posts. Their houses were pillaged; the asylum which Christian charity had provided for their orphaned children was burned; and there was no limit to the persecution but in the physical impossibility of finding further material on which the mob could wreak its ruthless hate. Nor was it solely the raging horde in the streets that visited upon the black man the nefarious wrong. Thousands and tens of thousands of men of higher social grade, of better education, cherished precisely the same spirit. It found expression in contumelious speech rather than in the violent act, but it was persecution none the less for that. In fact the mob would never have entered upon that career of outrage but for the fact that it was fired and maddened by the prejudice which had been generated by the ruling influences, civil and social, here in New York, till it had enveloped the city like some infernal atmosphere. The physical outrages which were inflicted on the black race in those terrible days were but the outburst of malignant agencies which had been transfusing the whole community from top to bottom, year after year.

How astonishingly has all this been changed! The same men who could not have shown themselves in the most obscure street in the city without peril of instant death, even though in the most suppliant attitude, now march in solid platoons, with shouldered musket, slung knapsacks, and buckled cartridge-boxes down through our gayest avenues and our busiest thoroughfares to the pealing strains of martial music, and are every where saluted with waving handkerchiefs, with descending flowers, and with the acclamations and plaudits of countless beholders. They are halted at our most beautiful square, and, amid an admiring crowd, in the presence of many of our most prominent citizens, are addressed in an eloquent and most complimentary speech by the President of our chief literary institution, and are presented with a gorgeous stand of colors in the name of a large number of the first ladies of the city, who attest on parchment, signed by their own fair hands, that they "will anxiously watch your career, glorying in your heroism, ministering to you when wounded and ill, and honoring your martyrdom with benedictions and with tears."

It is only by such occasions that we can at all realize the prodigious revolution which the public mind everywhere is experiencing. Such developments are infallible tokens of a new epoch.

The Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops left Riker's Island on Saturday morning last at 9 o'clock, were taken on board the steamer John Romer, and conveyed to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, where they disembarked and formed in regimental line. They are a fine, strong and hearty set of men, and their splendid appearance, combined with the apparent readiness and determination with which they enter their new profession, created a very favorable impression in the minds of all who saw them. Long before the hour they were expected Union-square was packed with a dense crowd of citizens, among whom were great numbers of the colored friends and relatives of the recruits, and a large force of police found it almost impossible to save room even for the regiment. Over the entrance of the houses of the Union League Club a platform was erected, ornamented with flags, extending the entire width of the building, and from it to the edge of the sidewalk. This was filled with the wives, sisters, and daughters of the members of the Club. In the street another platform was erected, which was filled with a number of the most prominent citizens of New York and their ladies, and from it the flags were presented. About 1 o'clock the regiment made its appearance and was hailed with hearty cheers. They marched to the front of the stand and performed one or two military movements in good style, their order arms being almost, if not quite, equal to that of the famous Seventh Regiment. They were then formed in square, open ranks, officers to the front, color-guard to the front and centre, the Colonel in front of his regiment and opposite President King of Columbia College, who presented the stand of colors to the regiment, and addressed them as follows:

SPEECH OF CHARLES KING, LL.D.

I rejoice to see this day—I rejoice in the opportunity, beneath this glorious sun, and in the presence of this goodly assembly, and under the folds of our ever dear honored flag of the Union—to salute you, soldiers of the Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops, as friends, fellow-countrymen, fellow-soldiers (applause), for I, too, have in other days worn the uniform of the nation, and from my heart I honor it, and all who worthily wear it. I am proud of the opportunity to stand before you as the representative of the loyal women who have united in the patriotic purpose of presenting to you a regimental flag, to be borne with the colors of the nation of which you are now the accepted and sworn defenders and guardians (applause). These loyal women know and feel what such a ceremonial imports; they know and feel that the sacred banner which they commit to your faithfulness and courage is a trust as full of difficulty and of danger as of duty; that it calls, on your part, for the hourly exercise of self-constraint, self-discipline, self-denial, for the implicit obedience without which an army is but a mob, and for that high and patriotic devotion which counts even life itself a willing sacrifice to the cause of country and of liberty. The religion of the flag is second only to the religion of the altar; and our Father in Heaven may be implored to bless, according to its purity, the one and the other. Hence he who is false to his flag is false to his altar and his God (applause). And these loyal women who thus confide to you a trust at once so dangerous and so honorable, they too—be assured of it—they will do all that may be done by careful administration for the sick and the wounded, by systematic and considerate labors for the families of the soldiers exposed to privation, to lighten the cares and gladden the hearts and strengthen the arms of those they encourage to go forth to battle. Go, then, soldiers of the Twentieth Regiment, go forth in the assured conviction that you leave behind you ever watchful, ever-kind, ever-active friends, who, taking so prominent a part in equipping you for war, will in nowise falter in their efforts for the welfare of the families you leave behind. To these considerations, which may be fitly addressed to all soldiers, I desire to add some that belong to you alone. For, my friends—and in addressing you by this name I address soldiers of order, liberty and law—men who came forth at the call of country, and in vindication of her outraged Constitution—nay, of the very right of national existence—to you, then, in addition to the appeal suitable to every soldier, lies in a higher and holier sense, an appeal as emancipators of your own race, while acting as the defenders and champions of another. You are in arms, not for the freedom and law of the white race alone, but for universal law and freedom; for the God-implanted right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to every being whom He has fashioned in His own image. When you put on the uniform and swear allegiance to the standard of the Union, you stand emancipated, regenerated and disenthralled; the peer of the proudest soldier in the land; and withered be the hand, palsied be the tongue that shall ever give consent to your being subject to other treatment at the hands of the enemy than such as is measured out to other soldiers of the Republic (applause). Prejudice, indeed, and the rancorous hate of brutalized minds, and the ingrained meanness of factious partisanship, may still throw obstacles in your way, but that way is *upward* and onward, and your march in it cannot be stopped, cannot be much delayed, unless by your own want of faith and want of work. To your ownselves be true, to your high mission as the vindicators and assertors of your worth as *men*, and you cannot then be false to any one, or fail in any high and honorable endeavor. You may fall, as many of your race did fall, with the gallant, good, young Shaw at Wagner, and the ignoble foe thought to dishonor that youthful hero's grave by heaping into it the corpses of his faithful, fearless, colored soldiers. Dishonored! Who would not die such a death to be worthy of such a grave? Who that rightly feels would exchange that lowly resting-place on the barren shore of South Carolina lulled by the eternal requium of the solemn sea, for the proudest mausoleum in the loftiest temple built with human hands? No, no, my friends, you cannot be hindered now in your high calling. It is but to look back for a few years—nay, but for a few months in this city, to realize what a forward step has been taken, and to feel quite sure that in such a path there is no step backward. On! on! then, soldiers of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops, with serried ranks, with faith in yourselves and in your cause, with confidence and affection for your officers, and with humble but earnest trust in God, and you will, you must, in contributing to the rescue of your country and its Constitution, work out your own complete redemption. Already the colored troops of the United States count by tens and twenties of thousands, and nowhere have they turned back from the bloodiest conflict or failed to follow their leader into the very jaws of death. Dear Col. Bartram, to you, and to the officers of this fine regiment it remains for me to say a few words. The flag which I hold in my hands, to be placed in yours, tells its own story. The conquering eagle and the broken yoke and the armed figure of Liberty, speak as plainly as symbols can of the might of Freedom and of the overthrow of Slavery—and flying, as will this standard-sheet, beside the Stars and Stripes of the Republic, they will form a spell of such power as to bind up every generous heart with one firm, fierce resolve that these flags shall not be separated, shall not be surrendered—but shall go marching on, and marching on, and still marching on to triumph and final victory! (Applause.) In the faith, Colonel, that such is your resolve, I commit to your charge for the Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops, in the name of those loyal women, the flag they have prepared. May the blessing of God go with it, and with you and your soldiers, and fighting beneath its folds may He cover your heads in the day of battle!

ADDRESS OF THE LADIES.

At the conclusion of his speech, President King read the following address, which had been prepared by Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq., was beautifully engrossed on parchment, and signed by the ladies who presented the flags:

To the Officers and Men of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops:

SOLDIERS: We, the mothers, wives, and sisters of the members of the New York Union League Club, of whose liberality and intelligent patriotism, and under whose direct auspices, you have been organized into a body of national troops for the defense of the Union, earnestly sympathizing in the great cause of American free nationality, and desirous of testifying, by some public memorial, our profound sense of the sacred object and the holy cause, in behalf of which you have enlisted, have prepared for you this banner, at once the emblem of freedom and of faith, and the symbol of woman's best wishes and prayers for our common country, and especially for your devotion thereto.

When you look at this flag and rush to battle, or stand at guard beneath its sublime motto: "GOD AND LIBERTY!" remember that it is also an emblem of love and honor from the daughters of this great Metropolis to her brave champions in the field, and that they will anxiously watch your career, glorying in your heroism, ministering to you when wounded and ill, and honoring your martyrdom with benedictions and with tears.

This address bore the signatures of Mrs. John Jacob Astor and one hundred and fifty other ladies, representing many of the families most distinguished in New York for social eminence, moral worth and large influence in public affairs.

COL. BARTRAM'S SPEECH.

Col. Bartram accepted the flags, and responded as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I feel how utterly unable I am to respond in a becoming manner to the eloquent addresses just pronounced. While free to confess my deficiency in this respect, I yet claim for myself and my command an equal share of the patriotic ardor and love of country. In that we yield to none (applause). This beautiful banner symbolizes our country. It is this that makes death glorious beneath its starry folds—it is this that rouses the feelings of outraged honor when we see it trailed in the dust. How base, and how dead to all sense of honor, must that wretch be whose brow burns not with shame and rage at the dishonor of the flag of his country (applause). Nearly three years since, the country was shocked by the spectacle of a band of traitors tearing away the emblem of our country from a fortress over which it had floated proudly for years, and substituting in its place a miserable device of their own. Has this act been fully avenged? No! The punishment for it has undoubtedly been great already, but I trust that the utter humiliation and discomfiture which it deserves, are about to follow. To this end this regiment is about to take the field—a regiment composed of a race hitherto despised—of a race almost hopelessly sunk in degradation, by a system of slavery as barbarous as it is unjust. It has been the habit of those among us who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner and Olustee have forever settled this question. In this regard, I must be permitted to refer briefly to the conduct of the Eighth United States Colored Troops, in the last mentioned action. My reason for doing this is, that for some three or four months I was on duty with this regiment, as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and during this period I had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with its officers and the material composing its rank and file. No regiment ever went to the field better officered than the Eighth, and no regiment ever contained a braver or more resolute set of men. How well they fought is shown by their list of casualties, and although a subordinate officer in a battery thought it a misfortune to be supported by a colored regiment, yet when we bear in mind that two veteran regiments had already found the position too hot and had retired, I think we can afford to forgive the slander, and say that the misfortune, if misfortune there was, was not in having a colored regiment for a support, but in having an officer in the service of the United States so biased, so ungenerous, so cowardly, as to slander the brave men who fell around his guns (applause). I should feel recreant to my duty to an old companion-in-arms, who has laid down his life upon the altar of his country, did I permit this occasion to pass without paying this slight tribute to his memory.

I trust that when the time comes for the Twentieth to go into action, that we shall behave ourselves in a manner that will reflect credit upon ourselves and honor upon our friends and our country. We feel that we have the sympathies and prayers of good men and women. We know the interest you feel in us—the high hopes you entertain—and believe me, when I say that it is the determination of every officer and man of my command that, so far as the power to fulfil in them lies, you shall not be disappointed. I would that I could command appropriate words to address the noble women to whom we are indebted for this beautiful stand of colors. Will you accept a soldier's thanks, and his pledge that they shall never know dishonor while strength remains to wield a weapon in their defence?

At the conclusion of his remarks, Col. Bartram was greeted with enthusiastic cheers; then followed cheers for his officers and cheers for his men, and before he mounted his beautiful steed some one presented him with a handsome boquet.

After the presentation ceremony was over, the men stacked arms, and partook of a collation provided for them. Corpulent cans of coffee and fat baskets of sandwiches were carried into the square, and their contents generously distributed among the sable soldiers. They ate heartily, and were not backward in expressing their sentiments in relation to the reception they had met.

After luncheon, march was resumed in the following order:

THE PROCESSION.

Police Superintendent Kennedy.
One Hundred Policemen.
Members of the Union League Club.
Colored Friends of the Recruits, marching with hands joined.
Governor's Island Band.
The 20th Regiment United States Colored Troops.

The line of march was down Broadway to Canal street, through Canal street to the North River, where they embarked on board the Ericsson for New Orleans. The men made a fine appearance in their blue uniform white gloves and white leggings. They are hearty and athletic fellows, many of them six feet tall, straight, and symmetrical. A majority of them are black; indeed there are but few mulattoes among them. The 20th is emphatically an African regiment, and to its credit be it spoken, not one of its members disobeyed orders, no one broke ranks to greet enthusiastic friends, no one used intoxicating drinks to excess, no one manifested the least inclination to leave the service, and their marching was very creditable.

The march was truly a magnificent demonstration, and a triumphant sign of progress. One thousand men, with black skins, whose color has been a crime in the eyes of multitudes of whites, marched without molestation from the wharf where they landed, through Twenty-sixth street, the Fifth avenue, Lexington avenue, Madison avenue, and Broadway. The doors, windows and balconies of our city palaces were thronged with aristocratic spectators, the ladies waving handkerchiefs, and the men cheering.

On the 9th of July, Mr. Geo. W. Blunt met with other gentlemen at the New England Rooms, and advised Gov. Andrew not to send the 55th Massachusetts colored regiment through this city, on their way to the seat of war, because the lives of colored women and children here would be endangered. On Saturday Mr. Blunt marched with other members of the club in the van of the grand procession, and saw no signs of that hatred of the black race, which has been such a stigma of shame to our city and nation.

This is the second colored regiment raised by the Loyal League Club, and the members have been indefatigable from the first, in protecting the recruits from outrage, and providing them with all needful comforts while in camp at Riker's Island. Equally solicitous were they to secure competent and worthy officers, and to cap the climax they have given the regiment a reception worthy of the City of New York, and the great cause for which these despised people have so bravely gone forth to battle.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

LAW-MAKING AND PRESIDENT-MAKING.

MAN is a dilatory animal by nature. What he can put off till to-morrow he will seldom do to-day. And when he gets together in legislative assembly with his fellows, his native tardiness seems to increase in proportion to the gross number. He is also a creature of great promises and admirable propositions, but they are only too apt to perish in the limbo of vanity, where they were engendered without emerging into the domain of fact and actuality. The Congress of these United States has always been an illustration of these general principles, and the present Thirty-eighth forms no exception to the general rule. We must except the Congresses before the rebellion, which were always swift enough in any pro-slavery villany—the accomplishment of which was the main purpose of their convention—however slack they might be in matters merely affecting the interests of the North and the honor of the nation. The present Congress has already passed more than half of its long session, if it adjourn at the time the House proposes to do, and a very small portion of the work which the nation expected at its hands has yet been done, and its course has not been such as to justify a very sanguine assurance that it will be done at all. Much was hoped for from this Congress, which has yet the opportunity of making itself the most memorable and the most beneficent in our annals, but the progress towards the fulfilment of these hopes has been much slower than had been looked for. In the early days of its being, the spring-time of its existence, it put forth the tender leaves of hope, which have as yet hardly reached the blushing honors of the time of blossoming, and there is but too much reason to apprehend that they may perish even without the interposition of a killing frost nipping their root, because they have no root sufficient for the purpose.

There was plenty of good work laid out for Congress in those its opening hours. Justice to the Negro, a Bureau of Emancipation to see to the interests of the Freedmen, the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, an Amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery by the direct action of the people, an Act declaring all Slaves in States or Territories free citizens and making their reënslavement a punishable crime, a Bill prohibiting the holding of any persons in servitude except by contract, and a Committee raised to report an Ordinance to carry into effect the clause in the Constitution guaranteeing to every State a Republican form of government, were only a portion, if we do not misremember, of the plans submitted to Congress for the profitable employment of the public time. Three months have gone by, and the only one of these propositions which has actually passed either House is that establishing the Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs. This Bill, one of the most important ever proposed, in view of the situation and prospects of affairs, has passed the House of Representatives by a very small majority—of *two* only, if we are not mistaken. From the character of the Senate, we suppose that there is no doubt that it will become a law. But the opposition that it encountered in the House, and the small majority which it at last commanded, does not augur well for the success of the more vital and trenchant measures which stand knocking at the door of the House. Mr. Sumner, we rejoice to see, has introduced his Bill repealing all Acts and parts of Acts for the Rendition of fugitives from service or labor. This will be a test measure, which will try the spirits of men in both Houses, and from the success of which a judgment may be approximately formed as to the chances of other measures of yet deeper importance. It is discreditable to the dominant party that they should have had the government of the country for three years without having freed the country from the disgrace of this law. A law which stigmatized the nation as one meanly subservient to Slavery in the eyes of foreign nations, even more than the existence of Slavery itself. The blame of the one might be thrust backward on dead generations, while that of the other plainly attached to the living men making or enduring it.

This repeal and the other righteous law also proposed by Mr. Sumner for removing the disabilities of colored men as witnesses in the United States Courts, undoubtedly lie within the control of the President and the Republican majority. If Mr. Lincoln desire these changes to be made, the Administration party in both Houses is sufficient to carry them. And they, especially the first, will try the Republican party and their Head as with fire, and the quality of the Anti-Slavery element in their constitution will be known of all men. That, personally, the President and the majority of the Republicans in Congress desire to see the enacted Infamy of 1850 annulled and annihilated, we cannot doubt. But whether they will think it politically advisable, as partisans, in view of the outcry which will be raised against the step, especially in the Border States, we are by no means sure. And if they are not ready to wipe away this smirch from the brow of their mother-country, we fear that there is but little hope of their doing acts yet more abominable in the sight of her rebellious and traitorous sons. It will be so comfortable to pass these questions over to the next year! To wait until the voice of the nation has been authentically uttered next November in its choice of President! It were surely a pity to endanger the prospects of this or that candidate by mixing up these moot questions with the canvass. Or, rather, to have committed him definitively to a course which might by possibility do him an injury at the polls. And then *Events* are doing the work without the necessity of legislation or agitation—those Events which are the latest invention of the devil to excuse the indolence or cowardice of the men whose business it is to *make* events and not to wait for them. We hope we shall be disappointed in our fears that the business of President-making may thrust itself too damagingly across the path of the duty of saving the country. The business of this Congress is not to engineer the cause of any aspirant to the Presidency, but to make the services of the next President, be he whom he may, easy for good, impossible for evil.

This it can do by such legislation as shall effectually put an end to slavery. If the requisite two-thirds can be had in the two Houses necessary to propose an amendment to the Constitution, and the three-fourths of the States necessary to confirm it can be reckoned on, let that thoroughgoing measure be adopted. But if, through log-rolling and filibustering, such a thing be made impossible, then let Congress fall back on the powers reserved to every government to save its own life, and abolish Slavery everywhere with all due provision for compensation to loyal slaveholders, as an act of military necessity. If this be done and it be made a controlling force in the approaching canvass, we believe that the people will sanction it by a majority that will defy the worst malice of the Supreme Court, or to compel an authentic change in the Constitution. If the Administration party wish to carry the next election, with whomsoever it please for its candidate, its best and only policy is that of an honest accepting of the situation. Let it take such measures as those just suggested; let it repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill and the disabilities of black witnesses; above all, let it do full justice to the black troops to whom the nation has appealed for help, and extricate us from the dastardly position in which we find ourselves; let it make every further provision necessary for the protection and advancement of the Freedmen, and it will present itself to the nation with a platform on which we believe victory will be sure, but on which we know that defeat will be honorable. Unless they do this, it is by no means improbable that they may find themselves flanked by the Democrats and defeated on their own ground. We copied last week a remarkable article from the New York *Herald*, urging extreme Anti-Slavery action on the Democrats as their only way of success. Reports have been rife in this city for some time past that Fernando Wood proposes making some such change of base. If the Republicans *shilly shally*, and try to patch up a compromise platform which shall leave the Slavery question an open one still, and the Democrats take the position that Slavery has been slain by the act of the rebels, and that there is no chance of resuscitating it, and avow immediate and entire Emancipation as the groundwork of their campaign, with Gen. Grant as their candidate, they will sweep the country and reassume the control of affairs triumphantly. The alliance of the Democracy with the Slaveholders has not altogether been because of love of Slavery in the abstract, but of a love of power in the concrete. They had as lief govern the country and have the offices through an Anti-Slavery as a Pro-Slavery course. At least, they had much rather govern it so than not at all. And we can tell the Administration party that what the country demands is the final elimination of Slavery from the vital domain of the nation, and that it will sustain any party and any candidate on whom it can rely as sufficient for this thing. Perhaps it had rather be saved by Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley, but it will accept salvation at the hands of Fernando Wood and Gordon Bennett rather than not have it at all.

IMPORTANT PETITION TO CONGRESS.

THE following is the Form of Petition adopted in compliance with the vote of the late Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting at Philadelphia; and which has been approved by leading anti-slavery men of various parties and denominations. The subject is one of vital moment, and the exigencies of the time point to this action as absolutely necessary to a speedy, honorable, and safe conclusion of the war. We ask our friends and readers, one and all, to interest themselves and those about them in the immediate and extensive circulation of this Petition. It is so brief that it may readily be copied at the head of a letter sheet; or a printed copy may be obtained by writing to either of the anti-slavery offices in Philadelphia (106 North Tenth St.), New York (48 Beekman St.), or Boston (221 Washington St.). Let the action be prompt and vigorous. Those who have already signed the Loyal Women's Petition need not hesitate to sign this also, as the two, though in harmony, are not identical. Friends! let the word be, Immediate! Not an hour is to be lost.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of   believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

MEN.	WOMEN.

TRIBUTE TO GEORGE THOMPSON.—Not many days since, *The Times* of this city made a gratuitous attack upon George Thompson, in which he was represented as having no legitimate claim upon the gratitude of the American people. The Rev. J. H. Rylance, formerly of London, now Rector of St. Paul's, Cleveland, Ohio, thereupon addressed a letter to the editor from which we will take an extract. After noticing the formation of a Society in England, which spent large sums of money in behalf of the American cause, producing thereby a great change in the public opinion of the country, Mr. Rylance says:

"Now, if the American people be disposed to award no higher acknowledgment to these efforts than that they were friendly, to that extent Mr. George Thompson merits their kindliest recognition, for he bore, far beyond all comparison, the lion's share in the work. The inspiration of the occasion made the man young again, and he almost flew throughout England and Scotland, to dispel ignorance, to subdue prejudice, to combat malice, that thus he might bring the good will and sympathy of the British people to the aid of America in the hour of her great need.

"What I wish especially to be observed in this connection is, that *he did this not merely as an Abolitionist*; for Mr. Thompson had the sagacity to see very early in the struggle that human freedom was only one among the many solemn interests threatened by the rebellion; so that he climbed a higher platform, and lost merely party views and aims in a generous enthusiasm to sustain the American government, not doubting that in the issue of the war the one great interest for which he had lived and labored would be found redeemed and consecrated by the fierce sacrament of blood.

"Had your many readers been witnesses with me of Geo. Thompson's labors—how he sometimes dragged himself from a sick bed and cheerfully travelled hundreds of miles to address meetings which no other man could sway with such surpassing eloquence and power, and all this without a cent of reward; had they seen, as I have, vast assemblies rise under his appeals to demand that rebel ram-building should be stopped, then I am sure there would be no lack of honor to the noble man who is amongst us for a time. However this may be, whether the American people evince their esteem for such a man or not, one thing is sure—the rebels and their friends in England *dread* him more than any other man in Europe, and perhaps this is the higher compliment of the two."

THE ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, on Tuesday last, resulted in a Union Republican triumph by an increased majority over that of last year. Gov. Gilmore is reëlected by a majority of nearly or quite 6,000; Republican Councillors are elected in all the 5 Districts; the Senate will stand 10 Republican to 2 Copperhead; and in the House the Republicans will have a majority of about 80. This ensures the election of a Republican U. S. Senator, to succeed Mr. Hale.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Mr. Sumner's bill for the repeal of this infamous law has been made the order of the day in the Senate for Wednesday of this week. We wish we could see reason to hope that the bill will pass, but we expect to see several "Conservative" Republicans arraying themselves against the measure, while some, less courageous, will probably dodge the question. Shame on both alike say we!

LADIES' UNION ASSOCIATION.

A FAIR will be held in CONCERT HALL, Chestnut street below 13th, Philadelphia, commencing on Monday, March 28th, continuing six days; the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of sick and wounded colored soldiers.

The Managers appeal to the sympathy and generosity of their fellow-citizens for aid in this effort to relieve the sufferings of the colored men who are sharing the dangers of the war.

Of the proceeds of the Fair recently held in Sansom street Hall by us, two-thirds were given to the Sanitary Commission for the sick and wounded soldiers, irrespective of color.

Donations of money or salable articles of any kind will be acceptable. Materials for the manufacture of such articles as are usually sold at Fairs, will be gladly received.

Contributions to the Refreshment table are especially requested, either in the form of Confectionary, Cakes, Rolls, Pies, Biscuits; or of Sugar, Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Flour and Poultry.

Donations may be sent to either of the following committee, or to 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, and also to the Hall on the morning of March 28th.

President, Mrs. VIRGINIA E. DORSEY, 615 Clifton st.

Vice-President, Mrs. ELIZABETH IRADEL, 917 Washington Avenue.

Treasurer, Miss AMELIA MILLS, 1015 Lombard st.

Any donor not wishing to send contributions may notify either of the above named persons, and they will send for them.

PERSONAL.

Parson Brownlow, lately very ill, is now convalescent.

Fernando Wood is said to be lying very low, at his home in this city, from an attack of pneumonia.

Rev. M. D. Conway, under date Feb. 6, writes to a friend in Boston: "I have accepted for six months a unanimous invitation from the society at South Place, formerly under W. J. Fox, M.P., to supply their pulpit. Mr. Parker was invited to speak there when in London."

We see it announced in the papers that Anna E. Dickinson, who has lately been addressing crowded audiences in Cincinnati, St. Louis and other places at the West, is unable, on account of ill health, to fulfil her engagements in Western New York.

Moncure D. Conway, writing to *The Commonwealth*, says: "The friends of William and Mary Howitt, who may have been pained at hearing their sympathies were against the North, from time to time, will be pleased to learn that now at least they see things truly and feel warmly. 'Everybody,' said Thomas Hughes, to-day, 'is coming round, but disgustingly slow.'"

Miss Mary Jane Parkman, who died lately in Boston, made the following among other bequests: American Anti-Slavery Society, $500; Home for Colored Women, $500; Educational Commission for Freedmen, $500; New England Female Reform Association, $500; New England Hospital for Women, $1,200. She also bequeathed to Wm. Lloyd Garrison $500, to be used for the benefit of Freedmen; and to Mrs. Sophia L. Little $500, to be applied for the benefit of colored people.

A letter from Binghamton, says *The Evening Post*, relates that a colored lady from Boston, with a French name—Madame Louise de Mortié—has been giving public readings from Whittier and other American poets with great acceptance in the thrifty villages in that part of the State. After reading to full audiences, she has been invited to repeat her readings in the largest town halls. This was the case in Owego, Homer, Courtland and Binghamton.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Hon. William Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, gives his services free to the government, and he has recently refused the retaining fee in a heavy patent case, which would have brought him the stated sum of $10,000, preferring to give his services to his country. He is probably the ablest authority on State and international law in the country, and his disinterested action is worthy of universal imitation.

Stephen S. Foster delivered an able lecture in the Church of the Puritans on Wednesday evening, the 2d inst.; but he made a mistake in appearing before his audience with a written address. No man can read well in public without extensive practice, and to a man who has been an extemporaneous speaker for twenty-five years a manuscript is a great impediment. The matter of Mr. Foster was good, but we missed the energy which usually characterizes his speeches.

George Wm. Curtis's lecture on "Political Infidelity," delivered at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening, exhibited in rare combination the qualities of the true orator. Eloquence, somebody has said, is "logic on fire," and if the definition is true, then no one can dispute that Mr. Curtis was eloquent. His logic was irrefutable, his wit keen as a Damascus blade, his earnestness worthy of a prophet. It was only at the end of his lecture, when he bestowed unqualified praise upon the President, that he failed to carry with him the judgment of the entire audience, and the majority seemed to go with him even then, if we may judge from the hearty cheers which followed his eloquent sentences. Dr. Tyng presided and made an address so full of stirring truth that we wish we had a full report thereof.

100,000 *PETITIONERS.*

ON the 1st of April the second installment of the Emancipation Petition will be sent to Washington, and so on, the 1st of every month during the session of Congress. 10,000 petititions have been just mailed from the office of the Women's League, Room 20, Cooper Institute, to the North, the South, the East, the West, that the loyal men and women of the nation may have an opportunity to register their names for freedom.

We ask every loyal editor to print copies of our petition and circulate them thoroughly through all the School districts in the country. We ask every clergyman in the North to circulate it in his congregation—to lay it on his communion table; bidding his people remember that the only sacrifice the God of love demands is that they "do justice and love mercy," that they "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free."

We ask every woman to give her name for freedom, and thus let the moral power of the nation be felt on the right side.

We ask those men who believe in Republican institutions to build now the platform for the next Presidential campaign in Universal Emancipation. To this end let one and all sign and circulate the petition, and return without delay to Women's League, Room 20, Cooper Institute.

MOVEMENTS OF GEORE THOMPSON.—On Friday evening of this week Mr. Thompson will be honored by a public reception in Brooklyn, in Plymouth Church, Rev. H. W. Beecher making the speech of welcome. He has been invited to speak in Newark, N. J., and will do so on Monday evening, if that time suits the convenience of those who have extended to him the invitation. He will return afterwards to Boston, speaking perhaps at Springfield and Worcester on the way. In the following week he has engagements in New Bedford, Lowell, and Lawrence.

Mr. Thompson, as we learn from a private letter of our Philadelphia correspondent, is to receive a public reception in that city. No definite time has yet been fixed for the occasion, but it will probably take place about the last of this month, or early in next. Due notice will be given so as to enable the friends in the country, who may wish to enjoy the treat, to do so.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—On Tuesday the people of this State ratified by an immense majority the act to amend the State Constitution so that our brave soldiers and sailors in the Army and Navy can have their political rights in future elections. The vote is light, but it is nearly all one way.

PROGRESS.—The Directors of the Fourth Avenue Railroad in this city have abolished the rule, so long in force, prohibiting colored people from riding in their cars. The day is not distant, we hope, when all the public conveyances of New York will be open to blacks and whites on equal terms.

A CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION—A PERMANENT FINALITY.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 4th, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I WENT to the Thirtieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1864, mainly to present the following resolution:

Resolved, That the voice of the people is heard through petitions, and this Society earnestly recommends that this voice be raised in petitions to Congress for an amendment of the Constitution, declaring that slavery shall be forever prohibited within the limits of the United States.

This resolution was offered to and unanimously adopted by the Society assembled in its thirtieth anniversary; and a petition has been prepared and circulated, and is now being extensively signed, asking for a constitutional prohibition of slavery wherever the jurisdiction of the government extends, or shall be extended. I lectured several months during the past year before Union Loyal Leagues in Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. In those three States, and in Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, over six hundred thousand voters are enrolled in the Loyal Leagues—each one pledging "life, fortune, and sacred honor, to defend and perpetuate freedom and the Union." An amendment of the Constitution which shall forever prohibit slavery and involuntary servitude within the limits of the United States, has been the main subject of my lectures during the past year. I have met tens of thousands of Loyal Leaguers, and they all enter, heart and soul, into the plan of a final and permanent disposal of the question of slavery and of all possible troubles that can come from it to the cause of freedom, free labor and free institutions, by a constitutional prohibition of it on every foot of territory over which the government now holds, or shall hereafter hold, jurisdiction.

Feb. 10th, the Senate Judiciary Committee reported an amendment of the Constitution in these words—"Neither slavery or involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Let Congress propose this amendment of the Constitution at once, and send it forth to be ratified by the people, and in one year the requisite number of States (*three fourths*) would adopt it, and thus the question of slavery—the curse and shame of the Republic ever since its existence began—would be *justly* and *forever* settled. Thus we should reach a *permanent* finality of all questions, anxieties, troubles, crime and dishonor, growing out of slavery. It would be prohibited by Organic Law, and Liberty would then be everywhere and slavery nowhere. The old vexed and monstrous question of *State rights* to rob *human beings* of all rights and turn them into beasts and chattels—to abolish all conjugal, parental, filial, and paternal relations—to whip women and peddle babies—would never again agitate the Republic, in Congress or out of it. We have had some 15 or 20 finalities of slavery agitations since I was born in 1829 into the Anti-Slavery kingdom.

Let this constitutional prohibition of slavery be adopted and carried out, and a *permanent* finality will be reached; and the American Republic, relieved of a load which no nation can long carry and live, would stand forth in the great family of nations invincible in power, because armed with justice and liberty to all, and an object of affection and reverence to earth's toiling millions, because girded all around with the self-evident truth that ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL IN NATURAL RIGHTS.

That party, which shall inscribe on its banner—A CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION OF SLAVERY—no matter by what name that party is called, or who may be its standard-bearer, will assuredly have the votes of the loyal masses in the impending Presidential election. The people have had enough of slavery; and their anguished hearts, their desolated homes, and all the horrors of a civil war such as the earth never saw before, urge them to remove, at once and forever, the cause of all their woes. The returning rebel States would go for such a Constitutional Prohibition. Every friend of freedom would go for it. Armed with this Prohibition the Republic would go forth on its mission, conquering and to conquer, till every throne of despotism would fall before it.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

FAIR FOR SICK AND WOUNDED COLORED SOLDIERS.

WE commend to the attention of our readers, especially those in Pennsylvania, the Circular which we publish in another column, announcing the Fair of the Ladies Union Association, which is to be held in Philadelphia for the benefit of sick and wounded colored soldiers. The Managers of this Fair have, certainly, strong claims upon their fellow-citizens for aid, based on the benevolent and patriotic character of their enterprise, and, also, on the fact that they have labored energetically and industriously to obtain funds which have been appropriated to the relief of sick and wounded white soldiers. It is natural and right that they should wish to offer especial aid to those who especially represent them on the battle-fields of our country; and we trust that their recent generosity towards our suffering white soldiers will be cordially reciprocated by the citizens of Philadelphia.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Hon. Green Clay Smith, member of Congress from Kentucky, evinces a spirit of hostility to slavery which we could wish to see infused into the minds of some of the weak-kneed Republican representatives of free States. On Monday, the Deficiency bill being under consideration, objection was made on the pro-slavery side of the House to the item appropriating $30,000 for medical attendance to contrabands, Mr. Smith thereupon took occasion to say:

"The South cared nothing for us, and would destroy both white and black if necessary to maintain their independence and overthrow our government. For himself, speaking as a slaveholder, whose family as far back as he could trace were slaveholders, he would be ever ready to give aid and comfort to any slave escaping from his rebel master, and make him a free man. The government, if wanting means to put down the rebellion, was at liberty to take his horses, negroes, corn, or anything else. He would no more undertake to restore to slavery those who had fled from their rebel masters than he would cut off his right arm."

Mr. Clay speaks the sentiments of the Emancipation party lately organized in Kentucky, and which, we hope, will ere long redeem that State from pro-slavery rule.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING died suddenly of diptheria in San Francisco on the morning of the 4th inst. The announcement carried sorrow to a very large circle of personal friends, and awakened feelings of sadness in the minds of thousands who never saw him. He had been in California less than four years, but we presume that his influence over the people of that rising State was more powerful than that of any other man. He did a great deal, by his pen and voice, to kindle a spirit of enlightened patriotism among them, and to open their eyes to the wickedness of the rebellion. As a preacher and lecturer he stood in the foremost rank, attracting the intelligent multitude by his earnest eloquence in the cause of Freedom and Humanity. He was born in this city Dec. 17, 1824, and was, therefore, in the 40th year of his age.

COPPERHEAD PROPOSITION.—Garrett Davis of Kentucky, on the 3d inst., offered in the Senate the following amendment to the joint resolution now before that body for amending the U. S. Constitution so as forever to prohibit slavery in every part of the country:

First: No negro, or person whose mother or grandmother was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or to any place of trust or profit under the United States.

Second: That the States of Maine and Massachusetts shall constitute one State of the United States, to be called East New-England, and New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut shall constitute one State, to be called West New-England.

This was ordered to lie on the table and be printed. It will doubtless be consigned to its place *under the table* in due time.

SALMON P. CHASE, under date Feb. 29, 1864, wrote the following letter to Mr. Vincent Colyer of this city:

DEAR SIR: I have received the petition that Congress will pass such laws as will put the soldiers of our army on the same footing as to bounty, pay and pensions, without regard to difference of complexion.

I have no doubt of the expediency or justice of such legislation. Yours, very truly, S. P. CHASE.

THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR was a grand success in every respect. The proceeds will reach the sum of $400,000 or thereabouts. The New York Fair for the same object comes next, and if we may judge from the signs around us, it will probably surpass all others by as much as New York is larger and wealthier than any other city in the country.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1864.

THE Democrats, Copperheads, and Opposition generally, are shaking in the wind, and waiting for a fresh breeze from a new quarter. They do not know what to do with themselves upon this great question of the War and Slavery. James Brooks has taken a step forward. He says slavery is destroyed, and he is willing to act upon that admission. He will, therefore, not attempt to save slavery from its fate. Such members of the Opposition in Congress as Odell of Brooklyn, Ganson of Buffalo, Stebbins of New York, and others whose names I might mention, will never go far out of their way to resuscitate slavery. Then there is another class of Opposition members who, while they are not *Peace* Democrats, are still quite strongly pro-slavery in their instincts and feelings, and they will do all they can to prevent what they call any "unconstitutional interference with slavery." They care little for slavery or anti-slavery, so that they can keep in office. These gentlemen keep up a loud cry against the black race, and resort to every conceivable artifice to excite the prejudices of the white and dominant race against colored people. Cox of Ohio is a leader among these men. Then we have the out-and-out Peace Democrats, and bitter pro-slavery men from the border country, who are determined if possible to reconstruct the Union *exactly* "as it was." It seems now as if it was impossible to unite these wings of the Opposition. The Peace men are determined not to support a war policy. The War Democracy and the border State men are equally firm in their purpose to oppose anything like a Peace policy. *They* are bent on having a war candidate for the Presidency, and one of their number informed me the other day that he felt certain that they would nominate Gen. Grant, and that Grant would accept the nomination. I believe they reckon without their host in this matter. It is not possible that Gen. Grant would accept a nomination from them—from men who have opposed the war at every stage, so far as they dared to do it. Gen. Grant has written to Washington that he is a friend to the Emancipation policy of the Administration. He was at the beginning of the war, as everybody in Illinois knows, a pro-slavery Democrat, and since then he has become an Emancipationist. Such men can generally be trusted better than conservative members of our own party, and it is scarcely possible that the Democrats will find in him a willing candidate.

Fernando Wood has given up all hope of carrying the Opposition party upon his Peace platform, except in one contingency, and that is a Summer of defeats in the field. If we should meet with startling reverses, which is not to be expected, the Peace Democrats would have a chance; but the difficulty will be, that long before that result is reached, the parties will have put their candidates in nomination. The Radicals say that a bad Spring campaign will finish Mr. Lincoln's chances for the nomination, but they seem to forget that it is next to impossible that the Spring campaign will come to an end by the 7th day of June, and by that time the Republican Convention will have met at Baltimore. It would, perhaps, have been better if the day for the Convention had been fixed in August or September, but the day *is* fixed in June, and the military fortunes of the Summer can have no effect upon the Convention, though they may decide the election. During the last few days and weeks the government has made very little progress in the work of subduing the enemy. Gen. Sherman has got back to the place from which he started; Gen. Smith has accomplished nothing in his attempted cavalry raid, and Kilpatrick has only succeeded in losing three good colonels and one hundred and fifty men. The Florida failure is in everybody's mouth. This is what some men call a bad beginning, but very likely it is the prelude to a good ending. The season opened last Spring and Summer with terrible disasters, and closed with glorious victories.

I am glad to notice that the Judiciary Committee of the House has reported a bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law. The subject is now fairly before the Senate and the House, but I have little hope that the good work will be done at this session. It will be crowded over, and *purposely*, to another Congress. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the bill can pass the House, as many of the border State members will vote against a repeal, and doubtless the more "conservative" Republican members will do the same. Frank Blair of Missouri and Hale of Pennsylvania are "conservative" Republicans. They support the Administration, but are not particularly anti-slavery. There are other names I might mention, of men like them. But if the House and Senate were to pass the bill repealing the cruel slave-catching enactment, it is claimed by the Conservatives here that the President would veto it at once.

The debate in the Senate a day or two since upon the history of the Army of the Potomac was very interesting. Senator Wilkinson was somewhat severe in his criticisms of the management of that army. Here are some of the points he made:

"I am told, and I believe it can be proven, that before the fight commenced at Gettysburg, wherein the men of New England and of all the country covered themselves with glory and with honor everlasting, the order went forth from the commander of that army to retreat; and but for the single fact that one of the corps commanders had got into a fight before the dispatch reached him, the whole army would undoubtedly have been retreating, broken, and ineffectual before the powerful forces of Gen. Lee.

"But, sir, the battle was fought and won—fought as a battle was never fought, in my judgment, in the world before. Our men fought as soldiers never fought before, and won a victory more honorable and glorious than any victory that Napoleon ever won. What then occurred? After the battle of Gettysburg that army marched down, knee-deep in mud, eager to attack Lee on the banks of the Potomac, and to annihilate him. They could have done it. They wanted to do it. They were thirsting for such a conflict, because they trusted and hoped that it would end this rebellion. They reached the banks of the Potomac; and, according to Gen. Lee's own dispatches, he had but eight rounds of ammunition for his guns. Eight rounds of ammunition—just enough to last four minutes! Oh, for four minutes of Grant's 'blundering audacity!' Who believes that Lee's army would have ever crossed the Potomac if the army of the Potomac had had such a general as Grant at its head? And then the rebellion would have ended, and the brave sons of Massachusetts would have been permitted to return to their homes and pursue the peaceful avocations of life. But, sir, it was not so."

The charge against Gen. Meade is a very serious one, and I think all who heard Senator Wilkinson make it were inclined to believe that he had caught up some unreliable story, but the subjoined paragraph from *The Republican* of this city seems to show that the Senator had good cause for preferring his charge:

"It is understood that the statement made by Senator Wilkinson, in his speech on Wednesday, to the effect that Gen. Meade ordered a retreat from Gettysburg, and that the order would have been carried out but for the circumstance that one of the corps commanders got into a fight before he received it, is supported by the testimony of Generals Sickles and Doubleday before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, they having testified that after the first day's fighting, Gen. Meade issued orders to his forces to fall back to a point seventeen miles southerly from Gettysburg."

Gen. Frank Blair has made so much noise in the House about Mr. Chase and the corrupt and fraudulent conduct of his agents in the Mississippi Valley, that the House has at last ordered an investigation on the subject. Gen. Blair first moved a resolution of investigation, but the House would not agree to that, knowing very well that if it was agreed to, Blair would be the chairman. He has been anxious, it is said, to get at the head of such a committee, for the purpose of vexing Mr. Chase. The House would not permit this, but referred the subject to a Standing Committee, which would investigate the subject thoroughly, and yet which would at the same time treat Mr. Chase kindly. No man in his senses will accuse Mr. Chase of dishonesty, but it may be that dishonest men have imposed upon him, as they have done upon the President and the other Cabinet officers hundreds of times. In the stirring times of war, when immense sums of money are expended by numberless agents, it would be a very strange thing if there were not some bad men among them. Gen. Blair doubtless has found some agents of the Treasury Department in the Southwest who, he thinks, are not as honest as they should be. He will find such men thick as blackberries in Washington, and unless the evidence printed in his own contested election case is untrustworthy, there are many of this kind of men in St. Louis, and some of them are his friends. Let the thieves be ferreted out wherever they are—whether under Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Chase, or even Postmaster-General Blair. It is not profitable, however, for Republicans to quarrel with each other through Committees of Investigation.

AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, March 1st, 1864.

ABOLITIONISTS have often had occasion to notice the seemingly judicial blindness that has fallen upon the Church through its complicity with slavery. A trifling incident that has lately taken place here makes a good illustration of this.

The Shawmut (Orthodox Congregational) Church in this city have just built a new house of worship. It is not, architecturally speaking, an ornament to the spacious street on which it stands, at the South End; and a person of diverse theology is said to have remarked that its outwardly and bodily form appropriately corresponds to the inward and spiritual state of those who worship therein. I would not affirm the entire correctness of this severe judgment, though it certainly seems plausible, in the light of the fact I am about to mention. The person selected to make the dedicatory prayer at the "consecration" of this place of public worship was Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, author of the "Southside View of Slavery," "The Sable Cloud," and other literary contributions to the vindication and maintenance of the slave system of our Southern States, and widely known as an advocate of that system on religious grounds. Like Dr. Lord of Hanover, New Hampshire, he recognizes the enslavement of black men as springing from, or appropriately belonging to, his theological system.

In consequence of the great change that has come over the minds of men in regard to the character of slavery, the evil it has wrought upon our country, and the desirableness of its speedy overthrow, Dr. Lord has been removed from the Presidency of Dartmouth College. It was thought unfit that a man teaching, as he did, the rightfulness of that system, and determined, as he was, to labor for the propagation of that belief, should have superintendence of the liberal education of young men in New Hampshire. He was corrupting the minds of those upon whom he had influence, and greatly injuring the credit of the College; and the latter evil was growing greater from year to year, through the rapid turning of public sentiment against slavery. So Dr. Lord was left out, and somebody else was put in.

Now, it is noteworthy that this change was made solely on grounds of expediency; on worldly and secular grounds. None of the people who made it affirmed that Dr. Lord's position was unchristian, or that he was unfit to exercise the Christian ministry. Those of them who were church-members probably never thought of doubting that he was a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, never thought of hesitating to receive the sacrament from his hand, as they would have done if a Universalist or a Unitarian had undertaken to administer it. His position as a man, as a teacher, as a politician, as a metaphysical speculator, was unsatisfactory to them, but they did not dream that his advocacy of slaveholding was inconsistent with a Christian character, or the proper exercise of the Christian ministry.

Just so in the case of Dr. Southside Adams. If he were President of a College, he also would be removed. Because, considering the change of public feeling that has come and is coming in regard to slavery, his persistence in upholding it would prevent his acceptable discharge of that secular function, and would damage the credit of any secular institution over which he should preside.

But the apostle's phrase—"great is the mystery of godliness"—has come in these times to have other applications, very different from that which he intended for it. Is it not a great mystery that men publicly known as holding a false and vicious position, and exercising a corrupting influence, and assiduous in the advocacy of ideas derogatory to God and injurious to men, should be objected to merely as secular teachers, and not also, and mainly, as spiritual guides? Is it not wonderful, beyond the power of language to express, that a man who directly teaches that God appointed, and approves, the enslavement of one class by another should be recognized as a fit teacher respecting God, and man, and the relation between them, and permanently accepted as *their* teacher in this department, by men who have come to recognize slavery as a gross violation of duty alike to God and man, as a sin in the master, as an injustice to the slave, as an injury to all classes in the community, and as a vice fatal to the welfare of the nation that upholds it? Such is the amazing position of this people; and to this point of blindness of mind have they been brought by the teaching and action of the clergy and the Churches.

I would not be understood to imply that the Shawmut Church, or that the Rev. Mr. Webb, its pastor, have made any formal abandonment of the pro-slavery position which has been practically held by their denomination. They probably remain, as a Church, as little affected by the light which the last three years have thrown upon the character and tendencies of slavery as any ecclesiastical body whatever. But the clergy, and deacons, and prominent church-members of this whole sect, including a vast majority of all who are put upon committees to transact the business of its individual Churches, have shown a thorough unanimity in keeping Dr. Adams before the public as (in their view) a worthy and satisfactory representative of the Christian ministry. As a minister, as a person teaching and exemplifying Christianity, and as one suitable for the guidance of children and youth in morality and religion, they unanimously uphold him. As a man, a citizen, a writer for the press, a contributor to the moulding of *secular* public opinion, many of these same persons think his position bad, and his influence pernicious. Yet they never think of putting that and that together.

Since Dr. Adams published the "South-side View of Slavery," and took position as a public advocate of that institution, he has been selected for participation in the transaction of ecclesiastical business as often as any man, perhaps more frequently than any other individual whatever, by the clergy and the prominent managers in his denomination. And among the clergymen who take pains thus to uphold him are not only men who take the anti-slavery side when it gains the majority, manifest time-servers like Rev. Dr. Kirk, but men who have long shown a detestation of slavery and have labored strongly against it, like Rev. Dr. Stone and Rev. Mr. Dexter. Yet the last named of these gentlemen took part in the dedication services above mentioned, thus publicly recognizing his colleagues therein, and South-side Adams among them, as fellow-laborers in the Christian ministry. Moreover, the two "religious newspapers" representing Orthodox Congregationalism in this city, and edited by clergymen of that sect, having constant occasion to record the participation of this man in their ecclesiastical proceedings, never speak of him otherwise than with respect, and never intimate to their readers that his pro-slavery propagandism is in the slightest degree incompatible with the Christian character they claim for him.

This conduct, however, proceeds in no degree from want of courage. None of these gentlemen would hesitate a moment about refusing to join with a layman, however excellent, or with a clergyman of one of the sects which they call heterodox, however devout, in such services as the dedication of a church. They claim that this function must be performed by Christian ministers. They do not admit that either the layman or the Universalist or Unitarian minister answers this description. They do admit and maintain that South-side Adams answers it. Great, certainly, is the mystery of *their* godliness.

A three days' Convention was held here last week by the people who call themselves Spiritualists, and was largely attended. The representatives of this idea are now numbered in this country by millions, and seem still to be increasing. Theodore Parker remarked respecting them, eight or ten years ago, that, as far as increase in their numbers and zeal in the advocacy of their doctrines were concerned, there was more apparent probability that their faith would become the religion of the world than there had been of a similar triumph of Christianity after it had been preached for an equal period.

In the single session of this Convention that I attended, a very earnest speech was made on the importance of disavowing certain doctrines held and taught by some advocates of Spiritualism, and of adopting some test which should shut out from membership the advocates of the heresy in question. I judge from this that the freest expression of diversity of opinion prevails on their platform, as on that of the Abolitionists. But I could not help thinking how readily the pro-slavery press caught up the far less degree of difference of opinion which appeared between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison a few weeks ago, and paraded it as a rupture in the Society to which they belong. The wish, in this case, was father to the thought. Those papers don't trouble themselves to announce a split between Spiritualists.

NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1864.

THIS is the day of the week set apart for rest, and I would fain enjoy its privilege; but duty forbids. Duty, not to you, nor your readers, nor the cause—for it is a small matter in these respects whether I write or not—but duty to myself. I owe it to a proper sense of my own advantage, not to give up the communication so long established between me and your readers; not to forego entirely—though I may sometimes be obliged to intermit it—the profit of contact with such minds. I value too highly this privilege readily to part with it. So, for my own sake primarily, though not without regard to other interests, I take this, the very first convenient opportunity that has offered since my return from the journey to which you have alluded in your paper, to write you a letter.

You will recollect that when I got back from Port Royal, whither I went some twenty months ago on a similar mission, I reported that new revelations had been made to me of the character of slavery; that I had found a deeper depth to the diabolism of that institution than any that *my* plummet had heretofore sounded. I now return from Tennessee to add that in my observations there, I have found a wider width to the corruptions of the cursed system than any one not thoroughly conversant with its character would be likely to imagine. I do not hesitate to say, that society in the South—meaning thereby the rebel South—is *wholly corrupt*. The reign of slavery is a reign of passion; not of one passion but of all the passions. And all classes there have come under this reign; black and white, bond and free, male and female, upper and lower. All of this may not be patent to the superficial observer, but a little inquiry in the right direction will reveal it.

A plea has been put in for slavery by certain advocates of the system, to the effect that though it may corrupt the morals of the men, it exerts a saving influence upon the purity of the women. This has been asserted with so much positiveness and apparent unanimity by slaveholders and their apologists, that it had come to be generally admitted. Lapses among the classes usually regarded as *par eminence ladies* were asserted to be much rarer at the South than at the North, and this assumed fact constituted one of the strongest arguments in support of slavery. For, contrary as all this was to reason and probability, it was, nevertheless, by dint of positive assertion and repeated iteration, generally credited.

By the time this war shall be ended and slavery abolished the falsity of these representations will be understood. Slaveholders are liars; on the subject of their sin there is no truth in them. They all lie; priest and people, honorable and base. Their system of iniquity is supported by systematic mendacity. All they say of its beneficence, of the gentlemanly character it imparts to men, and the high tone of virtue it lends to women, is a lie and a sham, and they know it. And the fact that they know it is one reason why they resist so obstinately the approach of our armies. They dread the revelations that will be made when we shall have broken through their shell, and exposed the infamies of their secret places. The disclosures consequent upon the destruction of the infamous Bastile will be forgotten in the amazement that will be created when the concealments of this prison-house shall have been brought to light. The libidinous excesses of a society where a Bastile and *lettres de cachêt* were recognized institutions, will whiten into chastity when they come to be compared with the usages of that part of our country where chattel slavery is the government corner-stone.

On this point, which is a difficult one to treat in a letter like this, I content myself for the present with general assertion; albeit I could furnish both proof and illustration, were it necessary for me so to do. The "high bred and chivalrous character" of the men of the South, and the "lofty tone of personal purity" claimed for the women, rest upon the same foundation. Both are affirmed with equal positiveness by the advocates of the system wherever they go, and both are sustained by the same line of argument. Now it is fair to presume that if these affirmations be unsupported by facts in one case, they will be equally destitute of foundation in the other. Let us see:

At a public meeting, held on the first of January at the Capitol in Nashville, Dr. Bowen, one of the speakers, and a loyal and true man, denounced in strong terms the late slaveholding oligarchy of Tennessee, styling them "a contemptible aristocracy, the descendants of Virginia overseers." After the meeting, being in the same house with the Doctor, I asked him whether what he had said on this point was literally true. He replied that he was not prepared to say it was, but that the general spirit of his assertion was fully warranted by the character of the class he referred to. This incident made an impression upon me, and determined me to make some inquiries in the direction in which it pointed.

A few days later, I was at the headquarters of Gen. Paine at Gallatin, listening to that gentleman giving an account of his dealings with the freed people, and his management of certain sequestered estates. Gen. Paine, I may here mention, has been described as the "livest" military man, and *the* ablest Post Commander in the State of Tennessee. His successful dealings with guerillas and contumacious rebels, and his wise policy towards liberated slaves, were matters of general comment in that part of the country. He was telling me how he made the Fairvue estate, a property of the late Isaac Franklin, which he had been working on the principle of free labor, yield a larger net profit than had been realized from it under the old system; but how that now the trustees were trying to get it out of his hand, and that one of them was continually coming to him with whining professions of loyalty, and earnest petitions to be reinstated. At this point the "orderly" at the door announced Mr. Franklin, and the person just referred to was introduced. "We have great responsibilities, General," said he, with a very deferential manner, "and ought to be in possession of the property; we are under heavy bonds. Be good enough to look at the Will on this point," and with that he handed the General a printed copy of that document, and another to myself. As the General and he continued conversation, I looked over the pamphlet, and seeing among the names of the executors one that was familiar, I said, "Allow me to ask, Mr. Franklin, did not your brother live in Alexandria?" "No, sir; he did business there; his partner lived there, but he lived out here." "Was not his partner's name Armfield?" "Yes, sir, that was his name." "O, I remember then," said I, "his establishment—I was in it once. He did a very large business in negroes, did he not?" "Yes, sir," and with that he turned round as quick as if he had received a shot, and resumed his conversation with Gen. Paine. The whole thing was now perfectly plain to me; as it will be also, without another word, to many of your readers. Isaac Franklin, the devisor of this baronial estate, was the chief member of the late notorious firm of Franklin and Armfield, slave-traders in Alexandria. Twenty-seven years ago, if you will recollect, I penetrated their establishment, when it was at the height of its gory prosperity, and gave an account of it in *The Emancipator*.

"This," thought I, "is a specimen of what Dr. Bowen had in his mind when he made his contemptuous allusion to the rebel aristocracy. I will pursue my inquiries further in this direction." And so I did. The result was the accumulation, in the space of 24 hours—all the time left me before my departure—a mass of facts showing that, prominent among the Southern pretenders to aristocracy, are many of the lowest-lived and lowest-born blackguards in the country. A large proportion of them were raised to distinction by success in the domestic slave trade. For instance: Gen. Forrest was once what is called in the Southwest a "river-shark"; that is, a steamboat gambler. From this he got to be a negro-trader, and became rich. On the breaking out of the war he received a commission in the rebel army, and is now one of their most distinguished Major-Generals.

The "Acklin estate," near Nashville, is one of the most "aristocratic" properties in that region. It was owned by "Joe Acklin," lately deceased, who is described as a "low fellow, of no account" till he married the widow of the late Isaac Franklin, whose money, made by her first husband in selling negroes, converted him into a nabob and made him one of the chivalry.

Exceeding the Fairvue and Acklin estates in aristocratic pretension is that of Gen. Harding, also lying within a few miles of Nashville. It embraces 5,000 acres of land, a large and well-stocked deer-park and other feudal appurtenances. Gen. Harding was a member of the Jockey Club, a leader in the Agricultural Society, and a member of the rebel Board of War. Gen. Harding is the "son of old John Harding, the negro-trader." That is his genealogy and family tree, as it was given to me.

Another baronial estate near Nashville is that of Mr. John Thompson. It contains about 1,500 acres of land, an imposing mansion, and finely laid out grounds, and its ownership places Mr. Thompson among the men of consideration in rebeldom. He is a negro-trader, worth half-a-million of dollars.

Another rebel establishment, well known in Nashville, though it is not distinguished by pretension, is that of W. W. Woodfolk, Esq. Mr. Woodfolk is the son of a man of the same name, who raised himself from poverty and obscurity by successful trade in negroes. Beginning in a small way, he accumulated money enough to start his sons Joseph and Austen in the negro business in Baltimore. There they bought up "vagrant" and "term-of-year" slaves, and sent them out to the old man, in Tennessee, who disposed of them. Buying these "term-of-year" and "vagrant" slaves at prices little more than nominal, and selling them at the high rates which such property commanded in the South-west, a fortune sufficient for the whole family was soon accumulated. If any one should think that in this statement I do the Woodfolks injustice, let him turn to the "Peter Sleeper" case, published in the "Yerger Reports," and see for himself.

These examples will suffice. They are specimens of at least a portion of the high-bred and lofty among the chivalry. I do not give them as fair samples of the whole. I don't know what the whole are, not having had opportunity to examine. My impression is that the cases of sudden elevation from baseness to nobility by the magic wand of the slave trade are peculiar to the new parts of the South. In the old parts of the country I believe that the blood of negro-traders, slave-drivers and the like does not turn into gentle Norman till the third or fourth generation. And some there are who, by dint of their own genius or other circumstance, are transmuted from vulgar to noble without any direct aid from slavery. Mr. Memminger, the rebel Financial Secretary, is an instance of this. An orphan child of poor German parents, he so ingratiated himself with the Palmetto lords of the lash, that he rose at once over the heads of the Pettigrus, Grimkes and well known people of the same blood, and became a very duke among them. Beauregard is another instance. Placed by favor when a boy at West Point, where his name was by accident changed to its present euphonious sounding, he was educated at the public expense and afterwards so supported, till—the war breaking out—he bloomed at once into the most consummate flower of chivalry. Others there are among the rebels whose forefathers are known to have pursued honest and useful callings; but their most conspicuous nobles, so far as my observations has gone, have derived their patent, directly or indirectly, from the traffic in negroes.

The real aristocrats of the South—using that word in its primary sense—the aristocrats of *merit* are not to be found among the rebels. They are among the loyal, and they show their loyalty by uncompromising hostility to slavery. I allude to such men as Gov. Andy Johnson, who rose by the force of his own genius and the power of a strong will to his present high position; or Joseph S. Fowler, who, after 25 years of useful service as a school-master, is now Comptroller of the State Treasury; or E. R. Glasscock, who acquired his education at a printer's case, and is now performing the duties of U. S. District Attorney. This is the class of *aristocrats* who are hereafter to have rule in the South; an infinite improvement, you will see, on the stock which is now taking itself away.

Slavery, in its social aspects, is not yet fully understood. It is a "mystery of iniquity," hard to comprehend. There is, in its wide domain, a great deal of territory still unexplored. Some of it is a *terra incognita* even to Abolitionists.

And this revives the regret which I have never ceased to feel, that the learned Commission appointed last Spring by the Secretary of War did not make slavery—in all its aspects and bearings—their first subject of inquiry. A personal investigation by such men would have given them material for report which, coming from such a source, would have startled the country, strengthened the hands of the Administration, and greatly hastened the revolution now in progress. As it is, our Army is now a grand commission of inquiry on this subject, making investigations and publishing reports. By the time the war shall be ended—thanks to them—the world will understand slavery as it never did before. This is a comfort, but it only mitigates—it does not remove—the regret one feels that the work had not been done earlier. A commission appointed with "plenary powers," such as were conferred in this case, might have enabled the country to reach the result which it is now approaching at an earlier period.

I would not be understood as undervaluing the work done or the course pursued by the gentlemen referred to. They are able men, and devoted to the country and the cause, and if they have thought it best to make their researches in the field indicated by their title, the "Freedmen's Inquiry Commission," that fact itself is presumptive proof that they were right. I am not objecting, I am only regretting.

M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for March contains: American Finances and Resources, III., by Robt. J. Walker; Palmer, the American Sculptor, by L. J. Bigelow; Clouds, by Mrs. Martha Walker Cook; Sketches of American Life and Scenery, No. 2, by L. D. Pychowska; The Issues of the War, by John Stahl Patterson, Q. M. Sergt., 20th Ohio Battery, Chattanooga, Nov. 1863; Ænone; Carl Fredrich Neumann, the German Historian of our Country, by Professor Andrew Ten Brook; The Great American Crisis, Part III., by Stephen P. Andrews; Thistle Down, by Francis Lamartine; The Love Lucifer, by S. Leavitt; American Finances and Resources, IV., Hon. Robert J. Walker; Was he Successful? by Richard B. Kimball; The Mechanical Tendency in Modern Society, by John A. French; An Indian Love Song, by Edwin R. Johnson; Literary Notices; Editor's Table. New York: John F. Trow, 50 Greene st.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL, for January and February, has been received. The contents are as follows: Progress of the Cause; Memoranda of my War on Tobacco; Our Generals and Subaltern Officers; Jesse Shute and his First Cigar; Smoking *vs.* Intellect; Tobacco injures the Articulation; A Specimen of Testimony from Physicians; The Wreck of Gifted Minds; Quaint old Temperance Poem; Street Smoking; Our Old Family Horse Dead; Look out for Masked Batteries; Letters from Patrons; The Honest Rumseller; Moderate Drinking; The Drunkard's Tree; Respectable Dram Shops; One Way of Manufacturing Snuff; Temperance and Anti-Tobacco Books, etc.; Poisons in Ale, Beer and Porter.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March contains the usual variety of readable articles, viz: The Queen of California; The Brother of Mercy, by J. G. Whittier; Ambassadors in Bonds, by Carolina Chesebro; Wet-Weather Work, V., by Donald G. Mitchell; On the Relation of Art to Nature, Part 2, by J. Eliot Cabot; Our Classmate, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Whittier, by D. A. Wasson; The Convulsionists of St. Médard, Part 2, by Robert Dale Owen; House and Home Papers, III., by Mrs. Stowe; Song, by Alice Cary; Our Soldiers; W. M. Thackeray, by Bayard Taylor; The Peninsular Campaign; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker St.) covers a wide range of important subjects, viz: 1. The Life and Writings of Roger Bacon; 2. The Tunnel under Mount Cénis; 3. Astrology and Magic; 4. The Depreciation of Gold; 5. Gilchrist's Life of William Blake; 6. Parties and Prospects in Parliament; 7. The Inspired Writings of Hinduism; 8. Russia; 9 The Physiology of Sleep; 10. Contemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker st.) contains the articles named as follows: Tony Butler, Part V.; The Royal Academy Reformed; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General; Witchhampton Hall; The Perpetual Curate, Part IX.; A Ride though Sutherland; Charles the Bold.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March contains ten articles, of which we give the titles: 1. John Wesley—his Character and Work; 2. Dies Iræ; 3. John Winthrop in England; 4. The Moral Problem of Education; 5. Thackeray; 6. Smith's Bible Dictionary; 7. Military Drill in Schools; 8. Charles the Bold; 9. Federalism and its Present Tasks; 10. Review of Current Literature. These articles all exhibit the wide and thorough scholarship, the high moral aims, and the catholic spirit which have so long characterized *The Examiner*. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker St.) contains eight articles, viz: 1. China; 2. New Englanders and the Old Home; 3. Forsyth's Life of Cicero; 4. Capt. Speke's Journal; 5. Guns and Plates; 6. Eels; 7. Rome in the Middle Ages; 8. The Danish Duchies.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.—We have received under the frank of F. W. Seward, Esq., of the State Department, two volumes, embracing the Message of the President at the opening of Congress, and the Diplomatic Correspondence accompanying the same. These volumes are certainly a monument of the ability and industry of the Secretary of State, and constituting as they do a very important part of the history of our country in its struggle with treason, we thankfully give them a place on our shelves.

MISS EVANS AT THE STATE PRISON.—By invitation of Gideon Haynes, Esq., Warden of the State Prison, and Rev. Mr. Carlton, Chaplain, Miss Evans, the youthful lecturer, visited the State Prison, on Friday forenoon. The prisoners (380 in number) assembled in the Chapel at 11 o'clock. A hymn was sung by the choir, after which Rev. Mr. Carlton offered prayer. Miss Evans was then introduced to the prisoners and made a very touching and deeply interesting address. She warned them, in the most earnest manner, to beware of the intoxicating cup, and entreated them, when they left the prison, to shun the grog shop, their greatest enemy. She pictured forth the drunkard in the most fearful but truthful language, and must have made a deep impression upon the prisoners. During the latter part of her address some of the men wept freely. To see a young girl of only sixteen summers stand up before three hundred and eighty hardened criminals and draw the tears from their eyes was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Every eye was fixed upon her, as with tremulous voice, she spoke to them of their mothers and wives and friends at home. A number of members of the Massachusetts Senate and House were present, together with a number of ladies. The whole service occupied about an hour, and it is hoped that much good was done.—*Boston Journal.*

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

GEN. SHERMAN BACK AT VICKSBURG.

A Cairo dispatch states that Gen. Sherman's army has returned to Vicksburg, and an officer who arrived at Cairo on the 7th, from Vicksburg, confirms the arrival of Gen. Sherman's forces at Jackson, with a small army of negroes, and a large number of mules, cattle, hogs, etc., the spoils of the march. A gentleman who arrived at Nashville from Montgomery, February 24th, says Sherman chased Polk to the Tombigbee, but could not force him to fight. In those sections of country not traversed by railroads Sherman found plenty of supplies, and his army lived on the country.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD RICHMOND.

The facts of Gen. Kilpatrick's raid toward Richmond are substantially these: Gen. Kilpatrick, it appears, left Stevensburg on Sunday evening, Feb. 28, and went by the way of Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania Courthouse to Beaver Dam, where he met the first armed resistance. The enemy were finally repulsed, and 32 prisoners taken. The railroad track for miles on the Central Road and several different stations were destroyed when that command moved upon Richmond, arriving before the place early Tuesday morning. A fight was kept up within the defences of that place until near night, when Gen. Kilpatrick withdrew. That night he was attacked in camp, and again repulsed the enemy, and also on the following day, arriving Thursday at Williamsburg with the loss of only about 150 men. Col. Dahlgren, with a small command, destroyed the railroad at Frederick Hall and on the James River, below Goochland, destroyed the canal, six flouring mills, one saw mill, and the coal mines at Manikin's Bend. The property destroyed is valued at millions of dollars, and is the heaviest loss that has yet been inflicted upon the rebels by a raiding party. Some 300 prisoners were captured, several hundred horses, and a large number of negroes. The command lived on the country.

Among those killed in this expedition was the gallant Col. Dahlgren. Admiral Lee, commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy from Yorktown, on Tuesday, that the gunboat Morse, which had been sent up York River to render assistance to Col. Dahlgren's party, picked up five men, four soldiers and one colored man, the servant of the Colonel. They report that the small party was surrounded by rebel cavalry and infantry, and that the Colonel was killed (how, they do not say) and afterwards his body stripped and shockingly mutilated by the horrible barbarians. More than half of the small body with Col. Dahlgren at the time were captured.

Gen. Custer was sent out at the same time with Gen. Kilpatrick to make a demonstration on the enemy's left, to draw attention from Kilpatrick's real movement on the rebel right. Custer's force penetrated with great success to within three miles of Charlottesville, which is below Gordonsville, and entirely to the rear of Lee's position. This was accomplished by making a detour via Madison Court-house and Stannardsville. A strong cavalry force under Stuart was successfully charged and dispersed, and a rebel cavalry camp brilliantly charged and then destroyed by Capt. Ash and sixty men. Finding the rebels were concentrating infantry forces to cut him off on his return, he changed his course, and skillfully avoided them, and came back to camp with 50 prisoners and 300 horses, having lost but five men wounded in the whole expedition—only one of them seriously.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT IN WASHINGTON.

The brave commander at Chattanooga, having received his commission as Lieutenant-General under the act recently passed by Congress, arrived in Washington on Tuesday, whither he came, doubtless, for consultation with the President and the War Department in regard to the "military situation." Various unauthenticated rumors are afloat as to his future plans. Gen. Grant was very enthusiastically received in Washington. Says the correspondent of *The Tribune*:

"At 5 o'clock this afternoon, an officer, leading a child by the hand, quietly and modestly entered the dining room at Willard's, and took a place at the table. A gentleman from New Orleans and his daughters recognized him, rose from their seats and shook hands with him cordially. In a flash, as by electric communication, the news that Gen. Grant was in the room spread through the immense hotel, and the hundreds of guests, Senators, Representatives, Supreme Court Judges, women, officers, lawyers, and all the customary household of Willard's, sprang from their seats and cheered in the most tremendous manner, and crowded around the blushing and confused object of this sudden ovation, and overwhelmed him with their admiring interest. When his meal was concluded and he left the room, it was but a fall into another scene of enthusiastic love that awaited him from a great crowd in the lower hall. His retreat from this superior force up the stair case and to his room was characterized by most unsoldierly blushing. The reception of Gen. Grant at the President's levee in the evening was more furious than any scene that ever transpired in the East Room. He was literally lifted up for a while, and in obedience to a demand and to a necessity, so great was the desire to have a fair look at him, he was obliged to mount a sofa, under the auspices of Secretary Seward, who preceded him to that elevation. There has never been such a coat-tearing, button-bursting jam in the White House as this soldier has occasioned. The cheering and waving of handkerchiefs was in the customary fury of Americans over popular favorites."

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A WHOLE COMPANY MURDERED!

Cairo, Ill., March 2.—The Clerk of the steamer Pringle makes the following statement:

"While the steamer Pringle was on a foraging expedition to Johnston's plantation at Tecumseh Landing, five miles above Grand Lake, Mississippi, on the 14th of February, a band of sixty well-mounted and well-armed guerillas, dressed in Federal uniforms, surprised a company of the First Mississippi (Federal) Colored Infantry, who were standing guard about a mile and a half from the main body of the foraging party, capturing and disarming them, and before assistance could be rendered, all were killed or mortally wounded, except two, who feigned death, Lieut. Cox and Sergt. Spencer. Some of the negroes were pinned to the ground with bayonets; others had their brains knocked out, and others were shot through the head while on their knees begging for quarter. The guerillas escaped without losing a man. After the dead had been buried, the mansion around which a guard had been posted, and no one allowed to enter previous to the slaughter of our troops, was fired by the guerillas and its furniture consumed. Four thousand bushels of corn were taken from a crib containing fifteen thousand bushels, when the foraging party returned to Vicksburg. Four hundred guerillas, of which the murderers were a part, are reported by citizens to be encamped a short distance back in the country from Tecumseh's Landing."

There is too much reason to believe that this statement is true. What will the Commander of the Department do by way of retaliation for this bloody outrage? We shall see.

Summary.

A negro has been arrested at St. Louis for endeavoring to induce colored soldiers to desert. He says he was paid for the work by Copperheads.

A Cincinnati firm has received from Louisiana orders for 700 plows, 40 wagons, a quantity of harness, 30 carts, 1,000 barrels pork, 300 tuns hay, blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools, etc.—a sure indication that peace and prosperity are soon to follow the footsteps of freedom in that portion at least of the South.

A new plot by the Morgan prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary to force the guard and escape has been discovered. They had provided themselves with knives and files, and one had nearly completed a wooden key. Suspicion was first drawn upon their plans by the earnest request of Basil Duke, who was on parole at Camp Chase, to be put back into the penitentiary.

NEW DISCOVERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—M. Bardoux, a manufacturer of Poitiers, is said to have made a discovery which will effect a revolution in the manufacture of paper. He has succeeded in manufacturing paper from various descriptions of timber, such as oak, walnut, pine and chestnut, and from vegetables, and without the addition of rags. Samples of various descriptions of paper are exhibited at the office of *The Journal des Inventeures*. M. Bardoux asserts that his invention will cause a reduction of from sixty to eighty per cent. in the price of paper.

Let us hear no more prating about negro equality believing, as has been well remarked, "that if anybody is afraid of such equality, he is not far from it already." Let us have no more nonsense about the dangers and inconveniences attending the transition from slavery to freedom, knowing that any difficulties consequent upon emancipation are temporary, and will gradually pass away, while the evils of slavery are permanent and ever increasing. Thank God the evening shadows are already gathering around "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance."—*Baltimore American.*

Judge Nelson, of the United States Circuit Court of Minnesota, has decided that citizens of States in rebellion are to be considered as enemies and are not entitled to sue in that Court. The decision was made in the case of Israel G. Nash of Salem, North Carolina, complainant, against Lyman Dayton and others of St. Paul, citizens of Minnesota. The counsel for the defendants insisted that upon the allegation of citizenship on the part or the complainant, he appeared to be a public enemy, not entitled to sue in the Court, and that the bill must necessarily be dismissed. The Judge, as above indicated, sustained the position.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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Special Notices.

LIBERTY AND UNION.—Rev. WILLIAM S. HAYWOOD, of Mass., and AARON M. POWELL will address meetings in behalf of General Emancipation and a Prohibitory Constitutional amendment, at

Waterloo, N. Y., Saturday, March 12.
" " Sunday, March 13.
Geneva, N. Y., Tuesday, March 15.
Seneca Falls, N. Y., Wednesday, March 16.
Auburn, N. Y., Thursday, March 17.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.—The regular meeting of the League will be held at 3½ o'clock, Friday afternoon of each week, at their Office, Room 20 Cooper Institute.

Members and all persons interested in the work of the League—viz.: rolling up a mammoth petition asking the present Congress to enact a law of Immediate and Universal Emancipation—are invited to attend.

Office hours of the League from 10 to 4 each day.

GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.—A liberal price will be paid for a file of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* for 1827. This paper was edited by Benjamin Lundy and published in Baltimore. Stray numbers for that year would be acceptable. Address

JOHN ALEXANDER,
300 Mulberry Street, New York.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

ARMY SONG.

[THE ARMY TO THE PEOPLE]

MEN of the North! ye are true, ye are strong!
Give us a Watchword to cheer us along;
Write on our banners, in letters of fire,
Words that shall hearten, ennoble, inspire;
Words that shall strike to the heart of the foe
Terror and trembling wherever we go;
Give us *this* Watchword to bear through the fight:
"Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right!"

"Freedom" for all who are weak and oppressed—
"Fatherland, God and the Right!" For the rest,
Leave that to us! With a Watchword so true,
What shall be lacking that brave hearts can do?
Soon, from the Gulf to the Border, o'er moat,
O'er battlement, fortress, that banner should float,
Blazoned all over with letters of light:
"Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right!"

Men of the North! ye are firm, ye are leal!
Firmer than granite and truer than steel!
Loving and loyal, this only remains:
Strike from the bondman his fetters and chains!
Then, *then* shall our Legions go forth to the fray,
Invincible, clad in their battle-array;
And conquering angels shall lead on the fight
For Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right!

Fitchburg, Mass. CAROLINE A. MASON.

LIBBY PRISON AND ITS HORRORS.

COL. STREIGHT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTIVITY.

[Col. Streight has addressed the following interesting account of his captivity and the treatment of our prisoners at Richmond to the House Military Committee:]

AGREEABLE to your request, I have the honor to report the following facts in relation to the treatment of our officers and men by the rebel authorities: It is impossible for me to give you an account of all the acts of barbarity, inhumanity and bad faith I have witnessed during my captivity, but I will endeavor to mention such instances as will give you as correct an idea of the true condition of our men as possible. On the third day of May last, near Rome, Georgia, my command having become so reduced by hard fighting and marching during the seven days previous that it was evident to me that we, about fifteen hundred officers and men, would fall into the hands of the enemy, and after holding a council of war with my regimental Commanders, it was decided to capitulate, and thus secure the best terms possible for the command as a condition of surrender. In accordance with this decision I met the rebel Commander, Gen. Forrest, under a flag-of-truce, where a stipulation was entered into between him and myself, whereby it was agreed that my command should surrender as prisoners of war on the following conditions, to wit: *First*—Each regiment should be permitted to retain their colors. *Second*—The officers were to retain their side arms. *Third*—Both officers and men were to retain their haversacks, knapsacks and blankets, and all private property of every description was to be respected and retained by the owner. The above terms were in a measure respected while we remained with Gen. Forrest; but no sooner were we turned over to the rebel authorities than a system of robbery commenced which soon relieved us of everything valuable in our possession. The blankets, haversacks and knapsacks were taken from my men at Atlanta. They were also robbed of nearly all their money, and most of them lost their overcoats at the above-named place. Here, too, the colors and side arms were taken from us. My men were turned into an inclosure without shelter of any kind, destitute of blankets and overcoats, as I have before stated, and kept under guard for four days, during which time a most disagreeable cold storm prevailed, after which they were sent forward to Richmond and soon exchanged. My officers were sent to Richmond after a stay of about ten days at Atlanta. On our arrival at the rebel capital, we were all searched separately, and all moneys found in our possession were taken from us. For a few days thereafter we were allowed to draw small sums of our money for the purpose of purchasing food. But this privilege was soon denied us. I then asked and obtained permission from the rebel authorities for the officers to send home for money, clothing and provisions. The clothing and provisions were generally delivered to the parties ordering them, provided the package or box containing them was not broken open and rifled of its contents before it reached its destination, which was frequently the case. But in no case within my knowledge has the money been delivered to the owner. The detention of this money after expressly agreeing to deliver it, is an act of perfidy that beggars description. I have repeatedly called the attention of the rebel authorities to the terms of my surrender, and demanded that its provisions be complied with. But Gen. Winder, Commandant of the prisoners, took from me the stipulations signed by Gen. Forrest, which he still retains and refuses to be governed by its provisions.

My officers, together with something near 1,000 other United States officers, are confined in a large warehouse building, with an average space of about twenty-five square feet to each man. This includes all room for washing, cooking, eating, sleeping and exercising. They have no bunks, chairs or seats of any kind furnished them, consequently they both sit and sleep on the floor. The windows of the building were entirely open until about the middle of December last, when pieces of canvas were furnished for the purpose of closing them to keep the cold out, but as this would leave us in the dark, we were compelled to leave a portion of them open and endure the cold. Many of the officers were entirely destitute of blankets until our government sent a supply to us in the forepart of the Winter. The supply of blankets is now exhausted, and officers who have been captured during the last six weeks have none furnished them. The rations furnished both officers and men by the rebels consists of about one pound of corn bread, made from unbolted meal, and one fourth of a pound of poor fresh meat per day. The meat has been issued to the prisoners but about half of the time since the first of December last. In addition to the rations of bread and meat, as above stated, the prisoners draw about two quarts of rice to one hundred men. There is a sufficient quantity of salt furnished, and a very small quantity of vinegar. I will here remark that in a few instances, say six or eight times at most, a small quantity of sweet potatoes has been issued instead of the rations of meat. The above is the sum total of the rations issued to our officers and men now prisoners of war. The condition of our unfortunate enlisted men now in the hands of the enemy is much worse than that of the officers. From early in May last, when I arrived at Richmond, to about the first of December, all the enlisted men were taken to what is called Belle Isle, and turned into an inclosure like so many cattle into a slaughter pen. Very few of them had tents or shelter of any kind, and the few tents furnished were so poor and leaky as to render them but little better than none. All the prisoners are taken to the Libby when they first arrive in Richmond, for the purpose of counting them and enrolling their names, consequently I had a fair chance to see their condition when they arrived. Fully one half of the prisoners taken since May last were robbed by their captors of their shoes, and nearly all were robbed of their overcoats, blankets and haversacks. At least one-third of them had been compelled to trade their pants and blouses for mere rags that would scarcely hide their nakedness; very many of them were entirely bareheaded, and not a few, as late as the middle of December, were brought in who had nothing on but an old pair of ragged pants and a shirt, being bareheaded, barefooted and without a blouse, overcoat or blanket. I have seen hundreds of our men taken to the hospital thus clad and in a dying condition. I have frequently visited the hospital, and have conversed with large numbers of dying men brought there from the island, who assured me that they had been compelled to lie out in the open air without any medical attendance, though for several days they had been unable to walk. Though destitute of anything like quarters, and nearly naked during the cold, stormy and chilly Fall season, the first and chief complaint of all those I saw and talked with was on account of an insufficient quantity of food. I will here remark that in no instance have the rebel authorities furnished clothing or blankets to our men. During the Winter large numbers of our men were frozen. I heard one of the rebel surgeons in charge say that there were over twenty of our men who would have to suffer amputation from the effects of frost. This was before the coldest weather commenced. Some time in the fore part of December, a portion of our men were removed from the island to some large buildings, where they were more comfortably quartered, but there has been no time since May last but what more or less of our men have been kept in the open air, and without blankets or overcoats. It is a common thing for the rebels to keep our men for several days entirely without food. This was particularly the case with a portion of the Gettysburg prisoners. Some went as long as six days without food, and were compelled to march during the time. The officers captured at Chickamauga assure me that they and their men were robbed of everything. Many of them lost their coats, hats and boots, as soon as captured, and then were nearly starved and frozen. I trust you will pardon me for the tedious length of this communication. If you will bear with me I will only call your attention to a few of the outrages practised on our officers and men in the prison discipline. Under the building known as Libby prison is a large cellar, in which they have several cells partitioned off. Several of them are without any light, but some of them have windows below the pavement. These cells are used for the purpose of confining securely such of the prisoners as the authorities may fear will attempt to escape, as well as such as may chance to offend some one of the many petty officials and prison attachés. Some of our unfortunate men are continually confined in these filthy holes, on one pretext or another. It is the uniform practice to feed any and all persons sent to these cells on bread and water only. Lieut. Reed, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, was thrown into one of these cells, and kept there for forty-eight hours, without anything to eat or drink during the time. He was not allowed any blankets nor his overcoat. The weather was very damp and cold, and he at the time was suffering from a most severe wound in the hip. On the night of the 19th of December, I received a communication purporting to come from one in authority, stating that for $100 in greenbacks and two silver watches, myself and friend would be permitted to pass the guard. Some days previous to this one of my officers succeeded in making his escape in this way; and although I was not without apprehensions that it was a trap, nevertheless I resolved to try the experiment. Accordingly, Capt. B. C. G. Reed, Third Ohio Voluteers, and myself, went to the designated place at the appointed hour, where we were assured that it was all right. We complied with the terms and passed out; but no sooner were we outside the guard lines than Major Latrouche, the Adjutant of the prison and seven men sprang out from a concealed place and commenced firing upon us before "halting" us. We were unarmed and could do nothing but surrender. We were taken back to the prison, put in irons, and thrown into one of those filthy holes called cells, where we were kept for three weeks on bread and water. The weather was very cold during the time, and we nearly perished. There was a large amount of filth in the cell which I could not induce them to remove, nor could I get them to permit me to remove it. I asked for paper, pen and ink to write the rebel authorities; I also asked for a box to sit on, of which there was a large number in the cellar, but everything was denied me. At the time I was taken to the cell there were six of our men confined in one of these cells for attempting to escape. They had been there for six days without blankets, and two of them were very sick. They were released at the end of seven days of their confinement. I might continue to enumerate instances of a similar character, but these will answer to give you an idea of what is daily taking place. I cannot describe to you the loathsome filthiness of these cells. They are infested with a great number of rats and mice, and they have no marks of having been cleansed since they were first built. It is needless for me to say that no man can survive a long confinement in a place of this kind, and although I am acquainted with several persons who have been confined there, I do not know one who can be called a well man.

As I have before remarked, it is impossible for me to enumerate in this communication but a few of the many acts of barbarity which have come under my notice, though I have endeavored to give you a sample of such as will enable you to form a correct conclusion relative to the treatment our unfortunate men are receiving at the hands of the inhuman people with whom we are at war. They seem lost to every principle of humanity, and it is my candid conviction that their brutality to our prisoners is only measured by their fears.

I have the honor to be most respectfully,
Your obedient servant, A. D. STREIGHT,
Colonel Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.

THE OLD FREEMEN OF LOUISIANA.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1864.

To the Editors of The Evening Post:

GENTLEMEN: The public journals have announced the arrival in this city, on their way to Washington, of a delegation from the free colored people of Louisiana, to present to the government their claims to be invested with all the rights, civil and political, of free native citizens of the United States.

My recent visit to the Department of the Gulf afforded me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many important facts with regard to these people, that I think cannot fail to be of interest to your readers, and I therefore take the liberty of sending to you the following brief statements:

The free colored people of Louisiana, previous to the rebellion, constituted about one-tenth of her whole free population. According to the State Register for the year 1855, there were but one thousand adult males out of a population of from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand of these free colored people who could not read and write. And in the year 1860 they were assessed for State and other taxes, upon real and personal estate, to the amount of nearly fifteen million of dollars. By a comparison of these statistics with those of the white population relative to the same subjects, it will be found that they are a body of people not only as well educated as, but richer than any other equal portion of the inhabitants of the State.

It is true that, while they have been compelled to pay the school tax upon the large amount above stated, they have been rigidly excluded from any participation in the benefits of the very schools they were compelled to support. But they have amply provided for the instruction of their children in private institutions. Many of the most wealthy of them have been accustomed to send their children abroad, and especially to France, for their education.

Many, indeed the greater portion of these people, are the descendants of the first Spanish and French settlers, while Louisiana was still "a colony or province of France," and at the period of the treaty of cession to the United States were as free as any other portion of its inhabitants. The French republic, mindful of the rights of all its citizens, and fully trusting in the good faith of its sister republic, believed it had provided for a complete recognition of these rights in the third article of the treaty of cession, which was in these words, viz:

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and admitted, as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States."

The treaty was concluded and signed at Paris on the 30th day of April, 1803, the first Napoleon being then First Consul.

After a lapse of more than sixty years, may not the children of the "inhabitants" whose rights, privileges and immunities were guarantied by this treaty, reasonably ask for its fulfillment on the part of the United States?

But these people do by no means found their claim to recognition upon this ancient pledge of good faith of the national government, solemn as it was, alone. In themselves, and in their own intrinsic qualifications to discharge all the duties of citizenship, they claim to stand upon a level with any other portion of the people of Louisiana. And certainly, as far as my knowledge goes, after no inconsiderable inquiry from those having the most intimate knowledge of their affairs, in regard to intelligence, good character, industry and property, I have never heard their claim disputed, even by their most prejudiced opponents. The one single objection is, the iota, more or less considerable (for many of them are even fairer in complexion than you or I), of colored pigment in their cuticle.

But just now, Mr. Editor, the question of loyalty to the National government is of the deepest interest in Louisiana. The rehabilitation of the State with a truly loyal constituency is the one great need there as well as elsewhere. And in this regard, how do these free colored people of Louisiana stand? Let the facts speak for them.

In June last, while Gen. Banks was laying seige at Port Hudson, leaving the city of New Orleans with few troops for its defence, a report came to Gov. Shepley that Magruder, with a force of fifteen thousand men, was advancing on the city, and was already not far in the rear of Algiers, the little village on the opposite bank of the river. Gov. Shepley immediately issued a call to the loyal white inhabitants of the city to rally to its defence, and provided for their organization into regiments. After waiting several days, and after ascertaining that many of the police and other patriotic officials of the city had resigned and retired into private life, and that there was little help to be hoped for from that quarter, Gov. Shepley called for volunteers from the free colored people. This call was made on the morning of the 2d of July, and before night more than a hundred of the stores and workshops of the city were closed by the occupants, and on the 4th of July the first regiment was already organized, armed and ready for service, and in seventy-two hours afterwards a second regiment was in the field. Arnold Bertonneau, one of the delegation now in this city, was a captain in the first of these regiments.

Magruder did not make his appearance, and some six weeks after some of the loyal white men began to volunteer, and a part of a regiment was, I believe, subsequently raised under the call of Gov. Shepley.

At this present moment New Orleans is not agitated by a threatened attack of the enemy, but by the question as to who of the inhabitants of the State are entitled to the high privilege of aiding in the restoration to the Union. In this exigency these free colored men of Louisiana, who were free in the blood of their fathers at the time of the treaty above mentioned, who, besides, indisputably possess all the qualifications of character, intelligence and property of any other portion of the inhabitants of the State, and whose loyalty has been proved by a test at least as stringent as any oath that Jacob Barker might conclude to take under protest (besides being willing to take that oath in their hearts as well as upon their lips), are, under the proclamation of Gen. Banks, excluded from all political rights, and so from what they conceive the great privilege of aiding in the restoration of the State to the Union as a loyal State. Under these circumstances they have very properly taken an appeal to the paramount jurisdiction of the national authorities. Their case is a peculiar one, and is to be judged on its own grounds. There is no other such body of people in the United States. The question of granting them political rights has nothing to do with the propriety or justice of conferring these rights at once upon the whole body of emancipated slaves. There is no parallel between them. The very grounds upon which they are claimed by the one might be set up as excluding for the present the other.

Besides, permit me to suggest that there are civil necessities arising at the present moment in Louisiana quite as urgent, perhaps, as the military ones last July, under which these people were called to take up arms. The government cannot afford to lose, there or elsewhere in the rebel States, the civil support of any of its truly loyal citizens.

Respectfully yours, JAMES McKAYE.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TWO YEARS OLD.

UPON the echoing stairway
But lightest footsteps fall;
There is silence by the fireside,
And silence in the hall;
It mantles round us closely,
And holds our hearts in thrall.

For the merry little Sunbeam
Is gone from out our door;
The patter of the little feet
Is hushed upon the floor,
And Lulu 'll cheer our lonely home
Oh! never, nevermore.

Yet we wait with aching patience,
As creep the tardy hours,
And murmur to our listening thoughts,
"So fade the summer flowers";
But in the loneliness of night,
Ah! bitter tears are ours.

I remember, darling daughter,
Thy clear and joyous tone:
"Sing, mamma, sing that 'Lulu's' bright";
But now I'm all alone,
Save baby, whose little life
One month o'erlapped thine own.

I often thought no time of life
As sweet as just two years,
So full of sunshine and of joy,
And little shadowy fears;
A very April time of bloom,
Of chasing smiles and tears.

And now thy merry voice is stilled,
Thy loving heart is cold,
And to my memory evermore
Thou wilt be two years old.

Brooklyn, Feb. 29, 1864. L. B.

THE ABOLITION STORM IN MARYLAND.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 25, 1864.

AN abolition storm has just swept over Maryland, and the Slave Power has gone under—never more to rise and plague men. I foresaw its coming, and told you, in my last letter, to be on the lookout.

The delegates to the State Political Convention, called to meet on the birthday of Washington by Mr. Hoffman's Radical Central Committee, began to pour into the city on Sunday, the 21st of February. By Monday morning, every County had its men on the spot, except rebellious and disloyal Charles. Caucusing was active all day Sunday, and on Sunday night the Irradicals had worked themselves up into a belief that they could trick the Radicals, as they did in the Legislature, out of the fruits of their labors. But the Radicals were defiant and moved forward in solid column to the fight.

Monday noon came. Temperance Temple was the centre of attraction. The hall was crowded with spectators. Mr. Hoffman arose at the appointed hour, and called the Convention to order. Some slight disturbance arose among the Irradicals, or rather their *claquers* outside, but it was instantly suppressed.

Mr. Streeter was called to the chair pro tem., without opposition. The Radicals saluted him with a hearty cheer. A Committee on Credentials was moved, to be appointed by the Chair. An amendment was proposed from an unexpected quarter, that the members of this Committee should be selected by the different uncontested delegations. The amendment prevailed, but it was soon made manifest that this movement was in the Reactionary interest, for the mover was a Blair man; and there were decided exhibitions of dissatisfaction at the course of this delegate, who was from the city.

An adjournment to 3 o'clock. The Committee on Credentials was announced. The delegations had been true to the principles of radical abolition that had sent them up to Baltimore, and the members reported were all that could be desired. Their acceptance was overwhelmingly approved, to the no little discomfiture of the delegate who had thus sought to throw the Radicals into confusion.

Mr. Blockson, without waiting for the regular order of business, submitted a resolution instructing the Delegates at large from Maryland, chosen by the Convention, to the Republican National Convention of the 7th of June next, to vote for Mr. Lincoln's renomination for the next Presidency, *first, last, and all the time.* This was received with acclamation by the Convention, so that the purpose of thrusting it before the body at that particular moment failed of its effect. Its authors believed that it would be opposed by the friends of Gov. Chase, who were a large majority of the Convention, but the resolution was adopted amid long and continuous and stormy applause.

The short debate upon this resolution exposed the mischievous purpose of its authors, which was made to recoil upon their heads. It was whispered about that it was drawn in a caucus of the Reactionaries at Washington, and designed as a snare; but nobody was caught in the trap except its framers. The Radicals knew the temper of the people on this question better than the Reactionaries, and, while they adopted the resolution, they were well aware that its adoption was gall and wormwood to its introducers.

Mr. Stirling's resolution indorsing the principles of the Administration, as enounced by the President himself in his public acts and State papers (not as explained by the Rockville commentaries,) and basing the support of Mr. Lincoln by the people of Maryland upon his adherence to those principles, reflected the real sentiments of all the trustworthy men of the Convention, and it was carried in a storm of applause too significant to be misunderstood. It said to the country, that Maryland went for the President's principles, *first, last, and all the time*, and for Mr. Lincoln, also, so long as he carried them out faithfully. While he stood by Mr. Lincoln as the best illustration of his radical abolition principles, Mr. Stirling said he was not bound to adhere to every tender that should book on to Mr. Lincoln's train. The Convention cheered this sentiment.

Mr. Stirling's resolution of sympathy with the Radicals of Louisiana, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, in their conflicts with the Administration for ascendancy, was received with shouts of applause; but when the resolution went on to denounce the malign Cabinet influences that have sought so persistently to throw obstacles in the way of abolition in those States, as well as in Maryland, and to set up as our gods those whose hearts were not in the cause of abolition, the Convention broke out into the wildest uproar of approbation. And as if to give greater and more direct point to this Cabinet clause, Mr. Russum, a friend of Mr. Blair, moved its reconsideration, with a view to striking it out, but the motion only got five votes—some say only two!

A resolution in favor of white soldiers voting was submitted. Mr. Straughn moved to strike out the word *white.* He said, everybody knows that none but white men could vote in Maryland, and that he was tired of tipping his hat and making obeisance to the Slave Power whenever he passed by the hideous monster, now in its last agonies. His motion was adopted without dissent, for everybody felt in his bones the truth of the remark.

The resolution fixing the platform of the Abolitionists of the State in the coming election for the Constitution Convention is short and sweet. It is: "Immediate Abolition—No State Compensation—No Negro Apprenticeship." Mr. Seabrook, of the Blair school of politics, thought that it would be better to strike out the last two principles, as the Convention might be forced to couple Abolition with Compensation and Apprenticeship. "I give you notice, then," said Mr. Straughn, the editor of the Cambridge *Intelligencer*, "that I will oppose the adoption of any such Constitution as that. We want no elongation of Slavery." This short speech brought down the house, and disposed of Mr. Seabrook's qualms.

The report of the Committee on Credentials by Col. Creswell was adopted with great enthusiasm. It ruled out the contesting delegations, who claimed to be elected under the auspices of the late Swann Reactionary Central Committee. It admitted all who stood on the platform of the Goldsborough Central Radical Committee.

At the evening session, Messrs. Goldsborough and Creswell, victors at the last Fall election, were chosen by acclamation as delegates at large to the Republican National Convention from the Eastern Shore. Then came the tug of war between the Blair men and the Radicals. Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Greene were pushed against F. P. Blair, Sr., and Col. Purnell, Postmaster of Baltimore. Two better representatives of the Radical Abolition element in Maryland could not have been chosen than Messrs. Hoffman and Greene, nor two better representatives of the Conservative or Emancipation provided-it-never-take-place party in the State than Messrs. Blair, Sr., and Purnell. The Radical ticket carried the day by nearly four to one! Strange to say, Messrs. Blair, Sr., and Purnell's votes came nearly all from the disloyal and Slavery-loving Counties, and yet it is not strange, when one reflects on the Rockville speech of the Postmaster-General. It is very natural. Those who voted for them in Baltimore and in the loyal counties were personal friends, and some were under political obligations.

Be it understood by my readers that no personal hostility was entertained or manifested against Messrs. Blair, Sr., and Purnell by those who voted against them. It was solely a question of principle that divided the Convention, and it is to the honor of the Convention that it declared for the high purposes represented so ably by Messrs. Hoffman and Greene. Mr. Blair, Sr., used to have the unlimited confidence of the Abolitionists of Maryland. Not so now, either with him or the Postmaster-General.

The delegates elect to the Republican National Convention from the four loyal districts are among the ablest men of the State. THEY ARE NOT INSTRUCTED. They go untrammeled. Their names were only reported to the State Convention as a matter of information, and only after the Convention conceded that they had no right to instruct them. When the Reactionists found they could not carry any of their men put up in the 2d Congressional District delegation they tried Mr. Webster, the Representative of that District in the present Congress, but he only got three votes. Mr. Stewart, the editor of the Baltimore *American*, was then elected. This is the gentleman who succeeded Mr. Ridgeley as Collector of Internal Revenue last Summer, and whom the Postmaster-General and others have been moving heaven and earth to get displaced, in order to put Mr. Ridgeley back again. The people have stepped in, and emphatically sustained the President's appointment of Mr. Stewart, so that it is hoped this persecution of this most deserving Abolitionist will cease.

Now, what do you think of all this? Is it not like romance, after the scenes of April, 1861, in Baltimore? But it is not romance. It is sober, serious truth, and is but the forerunner of a Constitutional Convention that will make Maryland more of a free State than New York. As you have been so good as to allow me to record some of my crude prophecies in your columns, every one of which has been fulfilled, I trust you will let me stick another pin just here. It is THAT MARYLAND WILL TAKE HER POSITION BY THE SIDE OF FREE MASSACHUSETTS ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1864.

W. G. S.

P. S. I had forgotten to say, that twelve out of the fourteen delegates to the Republican National Convention are personal and political friends of our distinguished Radical Abolition Statesman and leader in Maryland, the Hon. Henry Winter Davis. Stick another pin here.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.—THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN—A WEDDING THEREIN.

From The Herald of March 4.

EVERYBODY is aware that our neighbors over the water have, for the last ten days, been holding a Fair in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission. One of the most successful and profitable adjuncts of the Fair has been the New England Kitchen. It was established to promote plain living, high thinking, a consumption of pork and beans, and a revival of the spirit of '76. To increase the sale of their pumpkin pies and other delicacies, they have had several apple parings and quilting frolics. As a natural result of such festive gatherings, two susceptible hearts were smitten with the tender passion, and they resolved to form a life-long alliance on the scene of their early love. Last evening was the time appointed for the interesting ceremony to take place. A limited number of the general public were invited to be present, at the moderate charge of three dollars each.

The Kitchen was appropriately fixed up for the occasion. On the left side of the fireplace was a small platform. It was railed off and overshadowed by the Stars and Stripes, and under its folds the happy couple were to be made man and wife.

The bride and bridegroom, together with a large circle of friends and acquaintances, had come from away "deown East." They were all attired in the costumes of the last century. Among the *dramatis personæ* we noticed Widow Snidles, Hezekiah Lunkins, Prudence Billings, Aminidab Dunham, Cyrus Bradford, Deborah Edwards, Mrs. Deacon Green, Elvira Slimmins, Grandma Downing, Dr. Calomel, Squire Brown, Grandma Adams, Ruth Jenkins, Peggy Murray and a host of others equally distinguished. The ladies' dresses were principally remarkable for length of age and shortness of waist. They were of all fabrics—yellow, time-stained muslin, heavy brocaded silks, and coarse, strong calicoes. Mob caps immaculately clean, and back combs in a forward state of development and high state of carving, were much affected as ornaments for the head. The universal absence of hoops was another noticeable feature, and the appearance of the ladies made us think that the fashion in the days of our great-grandmother might have been with great propriety designated the meal-sack style.

Shorts, buckles, powder and ruffles were revived in the gentlemen's dresses. They were resplendent in silk coats, ruffled shirts, powdered wigs, velvet tights and white stockings. Their attire did not impress us with the same idea of antiquity as did that of the ladies. We have often seen something very similar on the person of the happy possessor of a pair of splendid calves while he was clutching with desperate energy to a strap at the back of a carriage. Ike Downing—the only remaining son of old Widow Downing—cut a great dash in a suit borrowed especially for the occasion. The coat and smalls were of green China silk, the vest (which reached half way to the knees) was of crimson silk, and all ornamented with heavy silver lace. The suit formerly belonged to Benedict Arnold.

Shortly after eight o'clock the bridal procession formed, and Dr. Singer, with the majority of the guests, marched to the platform and to the appropriate tune of "Invitation" sang the hymn commencing—

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay."

The hint was promptly taken by the parties interested, and Dr. Jedediah Poundtext, the officiating clergyman, led the way to the platform. He was followed by Jonathan Simpkins, the bridegroom, accompanied by Josiah Watkins, as groomsman. Miss Mehitable Jones, the young and lovely bride, attired in a low-necked robe of white satin "of a walking length and a striding width," was then led forward by her parents, Jehoshophat and Patience Jones; they were accompanied by Miss Jerusha Skinner as bridesmaid. The party, when placed, resembled a collection of wax figures. The idea was, however, speedily dissipated when Dr. Poundtext (some one at our back whispered that he looked remarkably like Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler) began in the most approved and ancient fashion to perform the ceremony which was to unite in the holy bands of matrimony Jonathan Simpkins, of Marblehead, with Mehitable Jones, of Swansea, both of ye ancient colony of Massachusetts. The ceremony was very impressive, and several times brought down the house. His exhortations were very fine, that to Mehitable particularly so. We are sorry that our space will not permit us to give in full his remarks to her on the subject of Jonathan's shirt buttons. They were very instructive and deserve a wide circulation. The ceremony was brought to a conclusion amid the tears of the bride's parents and the laughter of everybody else by Jonathan saluting his bride in due and ancient form—on the lips. The same ceremony, we believe, was very generally gone though with by all hands. We could not get near enough to see in consequence of the crowd, but at short intervals we heard loud smacks, followed by a peal of laughter. The kissing being over, Dr. Singer and his choir again delighted the audience, and expressed the feelings of the happy pair by singing to the appropriate tune of "Content" the hymn commencing

"The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside."

Silence being restored, Dr. Poundtext, in a loud voice and with a very impressive manner, announced his willingness to perform the same ceremony for any other couples who felt disposed to avail themselves of the opportunity. No one accepted the invitation, so the reverend gentleman picked up his gloves and led the way to the refreshment table. After the appetites of the happy pair and the wedding guests had been somewhat appeased the general public were invited to step up and take something. A number of American citizens of African descent handed round pieces of pound cake, pumpkin pie, squash pie, coffee and cider. The benches were shortly afterwards put away, and the order to clear the Kitchen promptly obeyed. Dancing, after the fashion of "ye ancient times," was then indulged in, and, we believe, kept up with spirit until closing time arrived. The wedding was a merry one, may it result happily.

THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

"O loitering ship," a sailor cried,
"Now speed me home to wed my bride!"
The ship, through flying spray,
Went bounding on her way.

"O midnight bells, my watch is done!
O happy morrow, haste thy sun!"
Then down he lay and slept,
And in his dream he wept.

He dreamed that suddenly the waves
Stood fixed and green, like churchyard graves,—
And then a mournful bell
Rang out a funeral knell.

"Land ho!" the deck-watch called, with cheers;
The sleeper wakened from his tears:
"O, day of joy," he said—
This night shall I be wed!"

With eager feet, he leaped ashore,
And stood at Mary's cottage door:
The bride—in white all dressed—
Was in her grave at rest!

THEODORE TILTON.

IN MEMORY OF N. A. STAPLES.

[Extract from Rev. ROBERT COLLYER'S Discourse, preached Feb. 13, 1864.]

I REMEMBER, two years ago last Summer, walking with him through the outskirts of Milwaukie, how, as we went past the poor shanties, he told me little stories of his experiences in the bitter Winters gone by, when he visited steadily from house to house through those wastes, and brought into the sympathy and benevolence of his Church that vast, degraded, and sadly neglected human family, that hung about the highways and hedges of their social and moral life. This, in his conception of a Christian minister, then, was one absolute test—preaching the Gospel to the poor, in cord-wood, potatoes, meal, meat, shoes, and garments, given in the love of God, with a faithful personal oversight, was so central, that without it, preaching was as the sounding brass. I know much of his fine, sensitive, delicate nature—how always it was shrinking back instinctively from every evil sight and smell and sound; yet right down there where all these things must smite him most painfully, this man, resolute first of all to be real, overmastered his pleading nerve, and went about doing good. What good he did in this way I cannot fully tell; indeed, I can give but a single instance. A man for some crime was sent to State's Prison for three years. My friend found his wife, with her children, turned out on the street, utterly destitute and distracted. He found a home for them, befriended them—held them in his arms, if I may say so, out of the pit. The man did so well in the prison, that at the end of two years he was set free, and sent home. He came back another man, and I believe now that home has its light burning bright and clear, because my friend sheltered it in that storm. He did not tell me this; I heard it from another. It is but one instance of his might in his prime to cope directly with suffering and sin, and of his power to save.

Then this devotion to the lowest, so good and true, clasped hands with an equal and intimate devotion to the highest; and they went always together. Early realizing the transcendent principle involved in the struggle that has been going on in our nation for the last thirty years, and that was as widely different, as a test of manhood, when he preached in the West, compared with what it is in this time, as to be a Christian in the reign of Nero was, compared with professing to be a Christian in the reign of Constantine, he knew how certainly all faithfulness as a minister must be measured by this faithfulness in the man to this great thing; so, when once this came home to him, deliberately, calmly, understanding what he did, he gathered up his Bible, prayers, hymn-book, sermons, everything by which he was to make his power as a preacher felt—carried them over with him to where he stood beside the slave; and there, while ever his voice was heard by the shores of Lake Michigan, it was heard pleading for that which to-day we recognize as the hope of our nation—absolute freedom and justice for every man, whatever his condition or color. I would fain forget to-day, while I stand here and speak of him, whatever he has already forgotten standing there before the throne, of hard ways; of friends leaving his side; of enemies scornful and defiant; of anxiety and heart-sinking and loss. I mention it not now for reproach and shame to those that dealt hardly with him for his faithfulness, but for joy that he bore the cross, despising the shame. How true he has been in the East, I leave you to judge. In the West, I know, he fought a good fight, and kept the faith, far, keen, deep, clear. With a marvellous intuition of the first principles of what can in any wise be called true devotion, prayers, services, ceremonies, sacraments—whatever men consider means of grace—became mere chaff in his sight, emptied of this grain of absolute justice and truth.

AN OLD RAFFLE IN NEW ORLEANS.

To the Editors of The Evening Post:

GENUINE, conscientious scruples are not so plenty as that we can afford to undervalue or trifle with them. But the interest just awakened among the New York clergy on the subject of raffling at Fairs has recalled to my recollection a raffle in New Orleans ten or twelve years ago, one of the advertisements of which is now before me in the shape of a moderately large handbill. Precisely the same form of public notice I saw in the New Orleans *Delta*, and probably other city papers also contained it. It reads as follows:

"RAFFLE.—Mr. Joseph Jennings respectfully informs his friends and the public that, at the request of many acquaintances, he has been induced to purchase from Mr. Osborne, of Missouri, the celebrated dark bay horse 'Star,' aged five years, square trotter and warranted sound; with a new trotting buggy and harness.

"Also the dark, stout mulatto girl Sarah, aged twenty years, general house servant; valued at nine hundred dollars and guarantied. And will be raffled for at 4 o'clock p.m., February first (at the Selection Hotel of the subscribers).

"The above is as represented, and those persons who may wish to engage in the usual practice of raffling will, I assure them, be perfectly satisfied with their destiny in this affair.

"The whole is valued at its just worth, fifteen hundred dollars, fifteen hundred chances at one dollar each. Both the above described can be seen at my store, 78 Common street, second door from Camp, at from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Highest throw to take the first choice; the lowest throw, the remaining prize; and the fortunate winners to pay twenty dollars each for the refreshments furnished for the occasion. N. B.—No chances recognized unless paid for previous to the commencement. J. JENNINGS."

We know how long this form of raffling has been common in half the country. The clergy have known it, alas, too well! And had they been more engaged long ago in its prevention and suppression, instead of so generally apologizing for and defending it, we could the more easily respect their tenderness of conscience when raffles of only ordinary merchandise are proposed for the benefit of our brave soldiers, sick and disabled from the terrible rigors of war.

By giving this article the benefit of your circulation, I think you will confer a favor on the cause of Justice and Freedom; as well as on,

Very respectfully yours,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

New York, 1st March, 1864.

MASSACHUSETTS.

[Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, paid the following generous tribute to the Old Bay State, in a recent speech in the House:]

SIR, in the absence of assailable provisions in the bill, the gentleman from New York (Mr. Brooks) poured forth his indignation upon the grand old Puritan State. He said:

"I know the spirit of Massachusetts. I know her inexorable, unappeasable demoniac energy. I know that what she decrees she will execute, as when she ordered the burning of the witches at Salem, or the scourging of the Quakers, or exile of the Baptists to the rocky shores of the Narragansett or to the mountain-fastnesses and glens of New Hampshire, where my maternal Baptist ancestors were banished. Hence when, as now, she decrees on the African, I tremble for three million of hitherto happy human beings now doomed to extermination."

And again he said:

"The spirit of Massachusetts has done in two or three years only what Christ, or the Church of Christ, was twelve or fifteen hundred years in accomplishing in the Roman empire."

Sir, I am no son of Massachusetts or New England as the gentleman is; but I remember that, in my wayward youth, being free from the indenture that had bound me to a long apprenticeship, but not having attained manhood, I wandered from my native Pennsylvania, counter to the current tide of emigration, in pursuit of employment, and found a home in Massachusetts, and I may be pardoned if I pause for a moment to feebly testify my gratitude to her in whom I found a gentle and generous foster-mother. I thank God for the Puritan spirit of Massachusetts. A boy, poor, friendless, and in pursuit of wages for manual toil, I found open to me in the libraries of Boston the science, history, and literature of the world. At a cost that even the laboring man did not feel I found, night after night, and week after week, in her lyceums and lecture-rooms the means of intercourse with her Bancrofts, her Brownsons, her Everetts, her Channings, her Prescotts, her Emersons, and scores of others as learned and as able, though perhaps less distinguished sons than these. I thus learned what it was to be an American citizen, and to what a length American civilization will be carried; and I found four years of life spent at well paid toil worth to me what the same number of years in college might have been. I thank the men of Massachusetts, as will the scholars in public schools fashioned upon her principles in the city of Charleston in good time. They may be white, they may be black, they may be yellow, but when the civilization of Massachusetts shall have penetrated that dark city, and fashioned its institutions as it will, the pleasure of the pupils in the schools will be to thank God night and morning for the spirit of Massachusetts which kept liberty alive, and finally brought its blessings to the entire people of the country. Yes, sir, Massachusetts in the past two or three years has given a practical application of those principles which in twelve or fifteen centuries gave freedom to Europe, and is about giving it to all the people of America. Not without war, however; and the gentleman ignored the teachings of history when he said that it had been done without war in Europe. Sir, the history of the contest for freedom in Europe is a history of continuous, sanguinary, and destructive war.

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These publications possess unusual interest at this time from the numerous articles they contain in relation to our own country, and although many of them are strongly tinctured with prejudice and represent us somewhat unfairly, others are entirely free from such objections, and ALL contain many wholesome truths which it will do us no harm to read and ponder.

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☞The Third Edition of the September Number of Blackwood containing an article by an English officer who was present at the battle of Gettysburg, is now ready—price 25 cents.

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